The Outlook

Volume 139 March 18, 1925 Number 11

Prohibition and Courage— A Welcome Combination

THE Southern District of New York has a new Federal Attorney. He celebrated his assumption of office by one of the most straightforward and common-sense statements which we have ever found in an inaugural announcement. He backed this statement by an act which showed that he believed in deeds as well as words.

The new United States Attorney is Mr. Emory R. Buckner. The act to which we refer was the filing of papers asking for injunctions against the illegal sale of liquor and for the padlocking of fifteen of the leading restaurants in New York City. The statement dealt with the task which confronts him and which he courageously faces in his new office.

Before his term began, upon his own initiative and at his own expense, he secured evidence against the restaurants which he is attempting to close. The handicaps under which he labors in his efforts to enforce the law are clearly shown by the following quotation from his statement.

Mr. Buckner Describes the Mob of Offenders

"THE United States District Attorney," says Mr. Buckner, "has not a single detective or investigator whom he can direct in prohibition matters. The prohibition agents are in the Treasury Department, and are not under the control of the Department of Justice. The District Attorney must prosecute such cases as are brought to him by the agents. The New York Police Department makes thousands of arrests for violation of the Volstead Law, but the Police Department is not under the direction or control of the District Attorney. He must prosecute such cases as are brought to him by the city police.

"Every week more than a thousand men under arrest are brought by the city police and by the prohibition agents to the Federal Building. Although Congress has passed many penal laws, including the Prohibition Law, during the past ten years, the machinery for enforcing Federal laws has not been enlarged except in a trifling way for twenty years. The men and women arrested for liquor violations are for the most part waiters, porters, bartenders, bell-hops, peddlers, or other employees of some man higher up, who is not arrested and who is making money. These defendants are brought into the Federal Building by the arresting officers, followed by a train of bond-runners and bondsmen, lawyer-runners and lawyers, and unclassified persons, who swamp the office of the

Underwood

Emory R. Buckner, a Federal District Attorney who believes that laws should be enforced

United States Commissioner, who does the work of a city magistrate so far as Federal laws are concerned. There is but one Commissioner in this district. He has no stenographers, no clerks, no court attendants. He stands up against this mob as best he can, and throws out of court about eighty per cent of the cases because the testimony of the police or prohibition agents is not sufficient under the law. As soon as possible, I shall prepare written instructions as to what the Federal law requires. After that if 800 or 900 cases a week are thrown out by the Commissioner it will mean either that the arresting officer has not followed the requirements of the law which will be prepared by this office, or that he has forgotten some of the evidence since making the arrest twenty-four hours earlier."

The People Higher Up

WHEN the liquor cases finally get into court, they find the calendar so crowded that the ends of justice are automatically defeated. Mr. Buckner says:

"At present more than 2,000 liquor cases are pending in the courts. Generally speaking, we have part time of only one judge to try the liquor cases. If I should insist that every man or woman arrested for selling liquor should be sent to jail as the only effective means of even attempting to enforce the law, of course every defendant would demand a jury trial, to which he is entitled under the Constitution, and it would take ten years with the present available judges to dispose of the calendar pending at this moment. Every two days the calendar would fall a year behind. Within six weeks I would find my office twenty-five years behind if I were to take the common-sense position, and if judges were to agree with me, that only jail sentences should be given in cases of actual selling of liquor. At the present rate at which these petty arrests for selling liquor are coming into my office, I would find myself at the end of my four-year term about five hundred years behind the calendar on a jail sentence policy, unless Congress should give us in this district ten or twenty judges for liquor cases alone and increase my own staff for this purpose many times its present number."

Even the prosecution of all waiters, bartenders, and petty offenders helps little in the herculean task of drying up New York. Fines of the size which can be inflicted are generally paid by the employers, and, as Mr. Buckner says, "the selling of liquor goes merrily on."

The effect of such a policy, Mr. Buckner declares, is that "the Federal Bench has suffered the indignity of being turned in reality into an excise commission for what amounts to the issuance of licenses, but without any regulation or inspection. To call such proceedings 'law enforcement' is a farce. To call such fines 'conviction' is grotesque."

The answer to the problem Mr. Buckner finds in the application of the padlock provision of the Volstead Act. The restaurant or hotel closed by a padlock court suffers a very serious loss. Faced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with closure, restaurants and hotels will think twice before they jeopardize their very existence. Relieved from the prosecution of petty offenders by blows directed at those who profit by their offenses, the Federal Attorney, as he says, will "have some time to devote to such questions as where the liquor comes from, how it gets into the country, how it is financed, and who is making the money."

To all those who are interested in the enforcement of law and the preservation of order we suggest that they will do well to keep a weather eye on Mr. Buckner's career. If he accomplishes what he has set out to do in New York, he ought to be given opportunities for public service in even larger fields. There is always plenty of room for common sense and courage in Government service.

A Marine Bootlegger

THE term "bootlegger" has been by inference applied to the schooner Zeehond by Judge Garvin, of the Federal District Court in Brooklyn. This vessel was captured off Fire Island beyond the region of the territorial sea—that is, outside the limits of the United States' exclusive jurisdiction. Judge Garvin held that her capture was legal, because there was proof that she sailed from Zeebrugge laden with liquor; that she purposed to land it illegally in America; that she arranged the sale through her supercargo (landed in New York for that purpose) to "one Leveque, a dealer in intoxicating liquors commonly known as a bootlegger." In short, captain, ship, supercargo, and buyer were all bootleggers together—or, to put it more legally, there existed a conspiracy to violate the law and it was violated.

Decisions or opinions in the cases of the Quadra and the Tomaka, already reported in The Outlook, have indicated that those who supposed that a vessel could do anything her owners chose provided she was not caught inside the limit will in time have this guileless faith shaken. Courts will not fail to see that a joint obvious purpose to violate law, followed by overt acts, does violate the Federal law against fraudulent practice in entering or attempting to enter merchandise in the United States—the provision upon which this decision is based.

A peculiar feature of the Zeehond case is that her captain and crew were acquitted last January of conspiring to violate the law. Later the evidence above indicated was found, and under Judge Garvin's decision the Zeehond has been condemned and is forfeited to the United States, largely because of the evidence of her own log-book.

The Pardoning Power

WHEN by Constitutional provision, Federal or State, the power of pardon is bestowed on President or Governor, discretion as to its use goes with the power. The remedy for misuse or abuse of the power is through impeachment, not in the overriding of the Executive's duty and responsibility by the court which fixed the penalty for the offense.

That is the gist of a recent decision by the United States Supreme Court, and the justice of the position taken is so obvious that one only wonders that the question should have been pressed.

Chief Justice Taft, who read the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court, pointed out that, as applied to a case in which a man was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for contempt of court in not obeying the court's injunction, the principle involved was the same as where there had been a conviction by a jury. He might perhaps have gone further and said that freedom in pardoning power was even more urgently needed in such cases. The use of the injunction for contempt in criminal cases is admittedly one to be exercised with caution and moderation, as the person accused of contempt does not have the safeguards of indictment and a jury trial, so important in other criminal proceedings.

The case before the Supreme Court was that of one Grossman, sentenced by a Federal District Court to a year in jail and a $1,000 fine for contempt in disregarding an injunction forbidding him to sell liquor. The President commuted the punishment to the fine only; the District Court sent the man to jail; the Supreme Court now supports the President's action. The decision declares that "Executive clemency exists to afford relief from undue harshness or evident mistake in the operation or enforcement of the criminal law. . . . To exercise it to the extent of destroying the deterrent effect of judicial punishment would be to pervert it; but whoever is to make it useful must have full discretion to exercise it."

Who Are Labor's Representatives?

ANOTHER Supreme Court decision handed down concurrently with that regarding the pardoning power, and also likely to be recognized as just and fair, related to the Railroad Labor Board.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company had been charged by a labor union with disregarding the Transportation Act and refusing to treat with representatives of these unions, thereby (it was alleged) depriving them of their rights by coercion and threats. As all our readers know, this railroad has in fact established friendly and effective relations with employees through mutual counsel and action in what is one form of the shop committee plan. It declined to be dictated to as to just what representatives of labor it should deal with.

This decision was also handed down by Chief Justice Taft. He found that the special clauses of the Transportation Act invoked by the unions were not mandatory and that no penalties had been provided for enforcement. Hence the decision does not consider that Congress in passing the act intended to say, by the clauses upon which the action was based, that railways and employees were "in any way to be forced into compliance with the statute or with the judgments pronounced by the Labor Board, except through the effect of adverse public opinion." Nor did the Court hold that injunction was a remedy here intended by Congress.

This decision does not weaken the power of the Railroad Labor Board in the minds of those who believe that it is within its function to decide arbitrarily just who are the representatives of labor in a particular company at a given time. In this case the men who are working in harmony with the executives of the road are numerous, the plan is working finely, and the experiment is a hopeful sign of the expansion of industrial democracy.

Coolidge, Arbiter

ALL South America, which for more than thirty years past has been in a state of national anxiety because of the strained relations between Chile and Peru over the historic Tacna-Arica territorial dispute between the two countries, following their war of the Pacific from 1879 to 1884, must have received with a sigh of relief the decision which President Coolidge, as arbitrator in the case, has just rendered. The opinion does not absolutely conclude the long-standing controversy which on more than one occasion has threatened the peace of South America, but it brings it measurably near to final solution. A plebiscite must yet be held, and the President fixes the terms and the manner under which this popular vote shall be conducted.

Before the war of 1878 the provinces of Tacna and Arica were Peruvian. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Progress to be hatched and born

(Measure for Measure, Act II, Scene 2)

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

Copyright, 1925, New York Tribune Inc.

Good luck and a pleasant journey

From Estelle H. Provost, Ossining, N. Y.

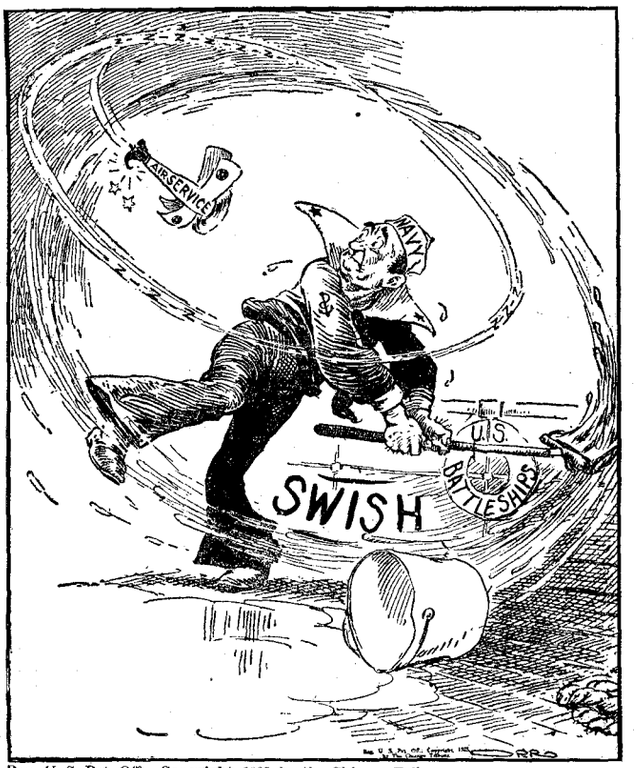
Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer

Copyright, 1925, by the Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

He doesn't believe in signs

From Rev. I. P. Emerick, Flourtown, Pa.

Orr in the Grand Forks Herald

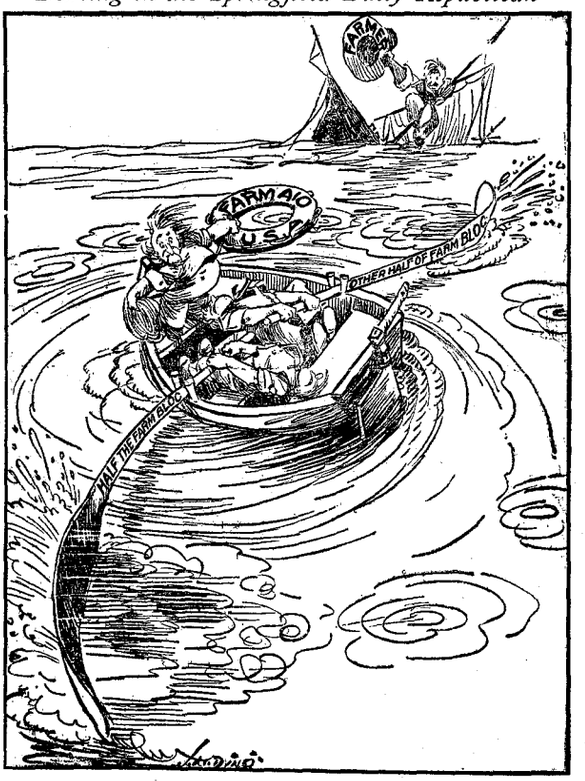


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1925, by the Chicago Tribune

A bee on board

From Flora Summers, York, N. D.

Darling in the Springfield Daily Republican



Farm marketing isn't the only place they need co-operation

From Walter Parker, Lenox, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treaty which concluded the conflict provided that a plebiscite should be held at the end of ten years, but the two nations were never able to agree on the terms.

The outstanding question was whether there should or should not be a plebiscite; Chile argued for a plebiscite and Peru against it. President Coolidge decided in favor of a plebiscite, declaring that he found "no reason to conclude that a fair plebiscite in the present circumstances cannot be held under proper conditions or that a plebiscite should not be had." He asserts that the agreement the parties had reached "is in accord with democratic postulates." He adds that it furnished, when it was made, "a desirable alternative to a continuance of strife, and it affords to-day a method of avoiding a recurrence of a not improbably disastrous clash of opposing sentiments and interests which enter into the very fiber of the respective nations." In his argument in favor of the plebiscite the arbiter still further points out that Chile and Peru when they signed the Treaty of Ancon, which brought their war to a close, "provided no alternative mode of settlement and made no provision for limitation of time or for forfeiture." Therefore he decides that the plebiscite should be held, and he affirms that "the interests of both parties can be properly safeguarded by establishing suitable conditions therefor."

By Ballots, not Bullets

WHILE the President of the United States as arbiter between Chile and Peru was not given authority to dispose definitely of the disputed provinces of Tacna and Arica and determine their national sovereignty, his decision has virtually brought this famous problem to an end, because he has fixed the manner in which the plebiscite shall be held, including the qualifications of voters and provisions for supervision of the elections. A commission of three members, one to be appointed by Chile, one by Peru, and the third, who shall be president, by the President of the United States, shall have complete control, in general, over the plebiscite, except that the arbitrator reserves the right on his own motion to entertain an appeal from the commission on any question decided by it. The commission is to hold its first meeting within six months.

This decision was not wholly in favor of either party, but is in no sense a compromise. It is a clear-cut decision on the merits of the case. It means much to the peace of the Western Hemisphere and to the growing good relations between the United States and the twenty other American republics. It proves that the most difficult and complicated international problems, no matter what their nature, are solvable by peaceful and judicial means. It adds immensely to the strength of the theory which the United States has been advancing more and more of recent years in its dealings with other nations, particularly all those in the Pan-American group, that the conference table is preferable to the battlefield as a place for the settlement of international differences. The prestige of the United States throughout Latin America will of course be increased as a result of this decision.

The decision was signed by President Coolidge on March 4; but credit must be given for the great part which former Secretary of State Hughes played throughout the entire negotiations, which resulted, first, in the agreement of Chile and Peru to submit this question to the arbitration of the President of the United States, and then in the actual submission of their lengthy arguments and counter-arguments.

The benefits of the Tacna-Arica decision inure alike to South America and the United States.

What Congress Did and Left Undone

THE Sixty-eighth Congress is dead. If we lived strictly by the Latin proverb that "of the dead naught save good should be spoken," most of the space devoted to this comment would remain white paper.

In all of its sessions this Congress achieved only a single law of large and lasting importance. That is the Immigration Law. It also kept appropriations within the Budget. At the final session, which ended at noon on March 4, substantially nothing was done except to pass the urgent appropriation bills which should have been passed at the earlier session. A number of measures of first importance, to which a great deal of time had been given, died with the Congress, the work bestowed on them lost, in the main. Most of them, doubtless, will be reintroduced in the next Congress, but all of the work of hearings and the like must be done over again and the benefit to the country delayed if not denied.

The fault, in the larger part, was with the Senate. The House, through its oceans of talk, threw up some islands and mud flats of action. The Senate remained to the end radical and inefficient.

The Muscle Shoals bills, after remaining "unfinished business" so long that little could be done on anything else, were not acted upon. The troublesome foundling is again left "on the doorstep of the President."

The Deportation Bill, which would have provided fairly efficacious machinery for getting rid of lawbreaking aliens, died in conference.

The McFadden Bill to authorize and to regulate branch banking was not passed.

The several co-operative marketing bills were left in various stages of incompletion, notwithstanding the fact that the President had repeatedly urged action in this regard.

The Crampton Bill, designed to secure better enforcement of the prohibition laws by taking the appointment of enforcement agents out of the spoils system and placing it under Civil Service rules and by making the Prohibition Unit independent of the Bureau of Internal Revenue—this bill, too, died of neglect in the Senate.

No definite action was taken on the bill for reorganization of the Government departments, though there was and had long been practically unanimous agreement that a fair measure of efficiency depends upon reorganization.

But a catalogue of what the Senate did not do would be as interminable as the tales of the "Arabian Nights."

Nobody will say that the Senate ought to have passed all these bills. It is a matter for Congressional judgment alone what bills should and what should not be sent to the President for his signature as laws. But there should have been action either passing or definitely defeating the more important bills. Since 18,000 bills and resolutions were introduced in the Sixty-eighth Congress, not all of them could have been definitely disposed of; but those to which Congress devoted its time could have been.

Completer justification could hardly be found for words such as those of Vice-President Dawes in his inaugural address. If the Senate complains that he shouted and gesticulated in a manner not in keeping with its traditional dignity, the question at least may be raised if he were not shouting and shaking his fist at a chamber where tradition lingers after dignity has departed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

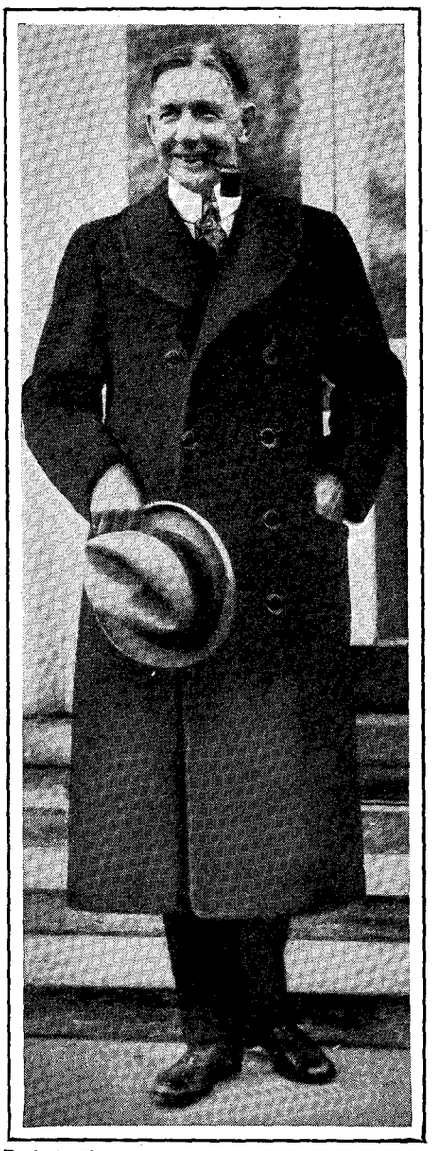
The Voice of Dawes and the Voice of the Press

A Vice-President may speak when he is inaugurated. From that time forth he is voiceless. Vice-President Dawes seized the one opportunity which would ever present itself of telling the United States Senate that it ought to amend its rules in such a way as to stop filibustering and make for efficiency. True, the galleries were crowded with formal visitors. True, also, Dawes was very new to the Senate. It may be true, as some Senators say, that he was unduly vehement. But he called attention to a bad situation at the one time and in the one way that he ever could effectively call attention to it. That his call was effective so far as the public is concerned the newspapers of the country are generally agreed.

Doubting that he chose the right time or the right method—forgetting that he had no choice of time or method—the Chicago "Tribune" says that he "did a great deal to call the attention of the country to the rules of which he complains." The Boston "Herald" believes that Dawes's conduct "lacked something in fitness" but that "it may prove the forerunner of a vital reform." "That he has deeply offended the Senate is not to be doubted," says the St. Louis "Globe Democrat," "but none the less there was truth and right in what he said." "The things the Vice-President said are true and they needed saying," the Detroit "Free Press" believes. "Mr. Dawes is right, of course," says the Kansas City "Star," "but that only adds another to the sufficient reasons the Senate will have for disciplining him." "Public opinion is with him," says the New Orleans "Times-Picayune," and the Louisville "Courier-Journal" says he spoke "the blunt, earnest truth." "The country applauds General Dawes," says the Springfield (Massachusetts) "Republican." "The Vice-President put his finger on an indefensible practice," says the Cincinnati "Enquirer," "and defined it to be what it is, the usurped right of individual Senators to exercise power as an instrument of legislative barter."

The Washington "Star," which has the unique distinction of being an Administration newspaper regardless of which party is in power, says that "Dawes was not so much concerned with the proprieties as with the need of accomplishment" and reminds its readers that he condemned exactly the same practice which President Wilson denounced when he referred to the "little band of willful men" who prevented action on essential matters.

Senator Smoot is reported as saying that Mr. Dawes killed what prospect there was of reform. That was easy; for until Mr. Dawes spoke there was no prospect. The Senate will pay no attention to what General Dawes has said, but the country will, and perhaps—perhaps—the Senate will pay attention to the country.



P. & A. Photos

Charles G. Dawes, who prefers action to tradition

Next week we shall print an article by one of the most experienced of Washington correspondents, Mr. Carter Field, on the state of affairs in the Senate which made General Dawes speak out.

Restoring Party Responsibility

The Senate of the Sixty-ninth Congress, considerably more than two-thirds of whose members were members of the Senate of the Sixty-eighth Congress, met in special session immediately after the regular session of the old Senate ended. It has the task of considering some treaties and some Presidential nominations, the most notable of which is that of Charles B. Warren to be Attorney-General. First, however, came the essential task of organization, and that for some days absorbed the attention of the Senate and of the public almost to the exclusion of other things.

The Republicans, having decided in caucus to purge the party of Senators who wear the label but do not vote the ticket, proceeded methodically to demote Senators La Follette, Frazier, Ladd, and Brookhart from the positions they had attained on committees to positions at the foot, equivalent to those of new minority party Senators. This action was perfectly logical, following the caucus determination that these Senators were no longer Republicans. But opposition developed—a two-man opposition. Senators Borah, of Idaho, and Norris, of Nebraska, each of whom always kept one foot on the Republican side of the line, and therefore were not read out of the party by the caucus, insisted that Ladd, Frazier, and Brookhart should not pay the penalty of disloyalty. Borah confined his opposition to the programme to warnings that it would destroy the Republican Party. Norris went a good deal further and tried to defeat the programme by securing the help of the Democrats.

Here was proved the fact which The Outlook has several times referred to—that between sessions of Congress the Democrats lost their love for the insurgent Republicans and have decided to associate with them no more forever. Senator Norris turned from one Democrat to another, seeking help. One after another, they denied him. Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader, said the Democrats recognized the importance of the two-party system and had no desire to interfere either with Republican control of the Senate or Republican discipline of Republicans. When Norris tried to substitute Pittman for the Republican selection as successor to Ladd as chairman of an important committee, Senator Pittman shouted that he did not desire the chairmanship and would vote for the Republican selection, Senator Stanfield.

Only two Democrats—and one of those badly tarred with the brush of party disloyalty—voted for Ladd! They were Wheeler, who was La Follette's running mate, and Copeland. One

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democrat, Bruce, of Maryland, voted for Stanfield; three voted for Jones, of New Mexico, and the remaining twenty-five in the chamber refrained from voting.

The divorce of Democracy from Republican insurgentism is thus completed and publicly proclaimed. The Republicans have complete control of the Senate organization and the Democrats take their position candidly as the minority party. If this Senate acts like the last one, the country will know where the blame should fall. If it acts differently and more decently, the country can apportion the credit.

Wanted—Not Sensations, But a Better Law

THE Senatorial committee headed by Couzens, of Michigan, continues to probe into the affairs of the Income Tax Unit of the Treasury. On what it has found Senator Couzens charges irregularities which he calls "astounding." He says that the Atlantic, Gulf, and West Indies Steamship Corporation paid about $9,000,000 less in income taxes than it should have paid and that responsible officials knew the facts. Secretary Mellon replies that the facts were known, and that the Government accepted about $3,000,000 instead of nothing, the concern being in such financial condition that no larger sum could have been collected. Senator Couzens finds "astounding," too, the tax adjustments with the Steel Corporation and with William Boyce Thompson, one-time Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Republican Party.

These adjustments are to Senator Couzens "astounding," but when the charge is made that he himself paid $10,000,000 less than he should have paid in taxes as the result of his sale of Ford Motor Company stock, this, to Senator Couzens, is "revenge." It did come hard on the heels of the Couzens charges, but Secretary Mellon says that the information came from responsible sources and that prompt action was necessary, as only four days remained until the statute of limitations would bar the claim.

Clearly, this Senate committee investigation is to be hardly less bitter and personal than the investigations of last year.

Undoubtedly, it is true that there are irregularities in the collection and in adjustment of refunds of income taxes. But they may be more natural than astounding. Undoubtedly, slips are made by employees of the Income Tax Unit. Some of them may be as big as those mentioned by Senator Couzens. But the Income Tax Law quite as much as human imperfections is responsible for this. The employees who have to do with adjustment of income-tax claims are among the hardest-worked employees of the Federal Government, and they work all the while in perplexity. It is rarely clear what should be done in the matter of adjusting any particular claim.

The purpose of Senatorial investigations—the only possible justification for them—is to discover facts to be used in shaping legislation. If Senator Couzens could bring himself to make his investigation serve the purpose of a better Income Tax Law and leave sensationalism alone, he might yet establish his claim to a public service.

Uncle Sam Needs New Farm Hands

IN the Department of Agriculture, where Howard Gore went out on March 4 and William Jardine came in, the surface has been quiet, but the waters have been troubled far down. The change has been disquieting to some who have sat at the right hand of the throne during recent years. It appears perfectly clear that Jardine accepted the title of Secretary with the understanding that he would exercise the powers of Secretary. Dr. E. D. Ball, who for four years had been Director of Scientific Work, resigned before Mr. Jardine was sworn in. There is conviction everywhere that the Bureau of Agricultural Economics is to be reorganized, from the chief far down the line. As that is one of the largest bureaus in Washington, and as it has complete control of what Secretary Houston used to call "the other half of agriculture," the prospect has the look of salvation to some and of perdition to some others directly and indirectly concerned.

It is the Bureau of Agricultural Economics that must, in large measure, guide the Secretary in promoting the business side of farming. Even his closest friends do not deny that Secretary Wallace was misguided in some of his economic conceptions of agriculture. The blame did not attach so much to Wallace as to his advisers.

Secretary Jardine may or may not have a new deal in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. It is not difficult to conceive of a change for the better. He will have a new Director of Scientific Work. The change made and the change said to be in contemplation will not, to say the least of them, do any injury to the Secretary or to the cause of Agriculture.

Shall We Electrify Our Railroads?

RECENTLY the press announced the expectation of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to electrify its important main line between New York and Washington. Thus one more step has been taken toward the ultimate goal of electrifying those of our railways which it is good economics to electrify. Many, indeed, predict the day when the smoky steam locomotive will have all but disappeared from our railway lines, and when clean electric power generated from mountain streams will have taken its place.

Yet it is doubtful whether the keenest advocate of electrification would claim that more than thirty per cent of our railway mileage is economically susceptible of electrification. Where certain special conditions, mostly economic, exist, electrification is wholly feasible; yet if it is to pay it requires most intensive operation. The New York–Washington route, for example, has a very dense traffic.

Another factor which will retard the general electrification of our railways is the remarkable recent revival of the steam locomotive, both in America and in Europe. In this country the railroad world seems bristling with new types of locomotives, all designed, primarily, to recover a larger proportion of the latent energy that is contained in the fuel burned.

The Delaware and Hudson Railway has just put into use a novel large locomotive which has been called the super-locomotive. It not only carries steam under pressures much greater than other locomotives, but, because of the radical design of the boilers and the use of compounded cylinders, it derives an extra fifty per cent of power from the coal burned.

Within the past year the American Locomotive Company has built about a score of large locomotives having three instead of two cylinders. The extra cylinder, mounted under the boiler between the other two, enables the locomotive to perform considerably more work without much increase of fuel. Already several of the most prominent railways

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have put the three-cylinder locomotive into use, and the results obtained have been so pleasing that some believe this type is destined to supplant the type we now see nearly everywhere.

The Steam Locomotive Gets Its Second Wind

In Europe a different but even more interesting trend has been manifesting itself within the last year or two. Fuel economy being still more important there than here, other factors have been disregarded in its favor, with the result that heavy, costly steam turbine locomotives are being developed. These developments are being closely watched from this side of the Atlantic by our railway officials.

First came the Swedish Ljungström turbine locomotive, with total efficiency far above any American type. Similar in some respects are the Reid-MacLeod turbine locomotive (Great Britain), exhibited last year at the Wembley Exposition. Here the steam is conducted from the boiler to a steam turbine which drives the wheels by means of gears. The exhaust steam is condensed and the water is reconverted into steam over and over. The Ramsay turbo-electric locomotive, also of British manufacture, employs a steam turbine which drives an electric generator. The power thus generated goes through wires to electric motors geared directly to the wheels. These engines also have a much higher fuel efficiency than any of our steam locomotives. In Germany Krupp's has built a large steam turbine locomotive of similar principle which is being closely watched with great interest by our railway men.

Still more efficient than any of these are the Diesel-electric locomotive of the General Electric Company, and the Lomonosoff locomotive of the Russian State Railways. They use fuel oil in an internal-explosion engine like an automobile.

Thus when youthful electricity attempts to rush past elderly steam the old gentleman discovers his second wind and is now undergoing a remarkable revival.

Moritz Moskowski

When he died last week, Moritz Moskowski at seventy-one years of age was almost forgotten. This Polish pianist and composer belonged to an era in music that now seems close to antiquity. And yet thirty years ago he was fairly "modern," his compositions were commonly played and sung, and he was regarded as one of the foremost of pianists. How many amateur pianists have played four-hand his "Spanish Dances" cannot be guessed. There was in his music what commentators called a "vein of sentiment." Yet his music was not merely sentimental. He was in a very strict and true sense musicianly. The high regard in which he was held in his own profession was shown by the way in which musicians joined to aid him when his resources were swept away by the World War. Are there any minor composers to-day of Moskowski's rank whom those who are now young will remember thirty years from now with the same genuine pleasure as that with which a multitude of the middle-aged remember the Moskowski of their youth?

A Wise Benefaction

There are several features that distinguish the scholarships to be established under the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation from other public donations to aid Americans to study abroad. The plan starts out with a "preliminary" capital of $3,000,000—a plain intimation that funds will be available to carry out the donors' intention on a liberal and permanent basis. The annual amount to be received by the individual is put at $2,500, to be varied under the special circumstances of each case—certainly a sum sufficient to attract students of serious intention who wish to do research and specialist work rather than to seek the general culture and education that they might perhaps as well attain at home. Women as well as men are eligible. The age of acceptable candidates will ordinarily be from twenty-five to thirty years—thus insuring reasonable intellectual maturity. The prime requirement is that only those candidates will be chosen "who have embarked upon some important piece of work and who show exceptional aptitude for research, or who demonstrate ability in some one of the fine arts."

In his announcement of this great benefaction in the interest of education, science, and art ex-Senator Guggenheim for his wife and himself states that the genesis of this endowment was to provide a suitable memorial for their son, who at the time of his death was fitting for Harvard, with the intention of later taking a course of study abroad. Surely nothing could be more appropriate, dignified, and worthy than the plan now adopted.

An educational board of twenty men and women of high standing as professors in American universities or as authorities in special branches of knowledge will act as advisers to the trustees of the Foundation. President Aydelotte, of Swarthmore College, will head this Educational Advisory Committee.

There is very little restriction as to the subjects and none as to the place of study abroad. Latin America, the Far East, and Australia are open to the students as well as Europe. Government and business are named as fit subjects as well as art, music, and technical science. An interesting suggestion made (a novel one, also, we believe) is that college instructors entitled to a "sabbatical year" abroad but without funds to utilize the privilege may benefit under the conditions of the Foundation.

The Future of the British Liberal Party

A question at present exercising political England is, Can the Liberal Party be resuscitated? In the answer to it lies the answer to another question: Will England return to her historic two-party system, or will she develop a three-party system with its attendant danger of further subdivisions and its inevitable element of bargaining for support?

To-day the Labor Party occupies the place of his Majesty's Opposition. Will it continue to occupy this place, or will a revived Liberal Party perpetuate the triangular struggle of the past few years?

Certainly, the Liberal Party is putting out tremendous efforts. Immediately after the debacle of last November a reorganization committee was appointed, and, after two months' investigation, during which it held twenty-nine meetings, received fifty-two deputations, heard three hundred and eighty-five witnesses, and traveled fifteen hundred miles, it has issued its report. Such a report might be expected to be optimistic. Still, when that is discounted, the picture revealed is one of a thorough and wholesome house-cleaning.

In the future there is to be a Liberal candidate and agent in every constituency; party finances are to be planned on a widespread and popular basis; local Liberal committees must pledge themselves to allot one-third of the places to women; headquarter's control is to be united and democratized. "Everywhere the committee went," says one account of the matter, "it found the most amazing enthusiasm; a revival of Liberalism of almost religious fervor, and that mostly among the young people."

Any one who remembers the Liberal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Party of the old days—the days of the great crusades under Gladstone and "Honest John," of the fearless championing of lost causes, of the Midlothian campaign and the Newcastle programme—knows what degrees of enthusiasm and fervor the party is capable of. The great obstacle is the divided allegiance of the party. Lord Oxford, as we must now call Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Lloyd George may foregather in unity on the same platform, and Lord Gladstone may give them both his own and his father's blessing, but, in the secrecy of conclave, the divergence is just as strong as ever.

All the present indications are that Liberalism will have a considerable sojourn in the wilderness before it once again reaches the promised land of office.

Accounting for Stewardship

An Obligation of the Forest Service

HAVE the American people any idea of the vast territory which is ruled by the Chief Forester? If the National Forests were gathered together and placed in a compact territory along the North Atlantic seaboard of the country, they would cover the following States:

Maine
New Hampshire
Vermont
Massachusetts
Connecticut
Rhode Island
New York
New Jersey
Delaware
Pennsylvania
Maryland
District of Columbia
Virginia
West Virginia

Indeed, the territory of the Forests would extend beyond this area far enough to cover an additional State considerably larger than the State of Connecticut and very nearly as large as the State of New Jersey.

One-third of the population of the United States is now supported on an area of the same size as that controlled by the Forest Service.

How large a population these National Forests could conceivably support cannot easily be calculated. Much of this territory is mountainous; much of it is incapable of high agricultural development for one reason or another; and much of it is outside the region where cities and industrial centers are likely ever to be built. Nevertheless the territory of the National Forests is capable of the support of a great population. It contains unknown wealth.

The territory included within our National Forests exceeds the combined area of England and Germany. These two countries sustain a population close to that of the United States. Germany has splendid forests which she maintains along with sixty million people. To maintain forests along with a dense population is not, however, our present problem. That will be a problem later in our history. The present duty of the Forest Service is that of getting ready. Is there any other bureau chief in the world who has in his hands the administration of such a territory? Is there any other bureau chief in the world who is trustee for such wealth, actual and potential? Is there any other bureau chief in the world who should give a clearer accounting of his stewardship? Is there any other bureau chief in the world whom the people whose trustee he is have a better right to watch, examine, and catechise?

Unfortunately, the American people have not watched as they should the administration of this vast territory. They have not been sufficiently interested to demand full information concerning what the work of forestry involves. They have committed themselves to the policy of Conservation in general, but they have not been interested in what that involves.

Of course, there are interested parties. There are lumbering companies that are interested in the timber in the National Forests. There are cattle and sheep owners who are interested in the grazing lands within the National Forests. There are recreationists who are interested in visiting the National Forests, traveling in automobiles on the roads through them, perhaps camping here and there in them. But how large a proportion of the American people really think about the wealth that belongs to them in this great territory and require a clear understanding of the way it is conserved and administered?

It was to arouse public interest in this vast publicly owned territory that Mr. Gregg wrote and The Outlook published the article entitled "Has Our Forest Service 'Gone Daffy'?" In that article Mr. Gregg put certain questions to which he believes and to which we believe the people of the United States have a right to clear and definite answers. The reason why such questions were asked is not to be found in any suspicion of the honesty or intelligence of those in authority. It is to be found in the fact that the reports of the Forester concerning the administration of the Forest Service have not made the subjects clear to the ordinary citizen.

For example, in his report of 1923 the Chief Forester, tabulating on page 11 the approximate expenditure of Forest Service appropriations, puts down the following single item:

Protection and administration of the National Forests $5,133,382

It is possible that an interested citizen might, by devoting hours of hard attention to this report, pick out some more definite items which would explain in part this extraordinary accounting for nearly five-sixths of the total appropriation. Any Board of Directors, however, to which a manager would submit an item like that would not stop to pick out the information. They would return the report to the manager and ask him for a proper statement. The people of the United States have a right to ask a more definite accounting than that. Undoubtedly, somewhere in the records in Washington there are more detailed accountings. Indeed, in every one of the Forester's reports there are tables quite detailed. We open at random, and find on Table 14 of his 1924 report that the loss among live stock in the National Forests for the calendar year 1923 from predatory animals in District No. 2 among cattle and horses was 212. There is room, therefore, in the Forester's report for some details. There ought to be room in it for such an accounting as, for example, the Corn Exchange Bank publishes for the benefit of its depositors. Nowhere in either the 1923 or 1924 report do we find such a clear and definite accounting as the ordinary citizen can understand.

From letters that we have received we judge that this statement will be interpreted as a reflection upon the integrity of the Chief Forester. We shall have to let people make that inference if they will. But this statement is nothing of the kind. It is simply the expression of the right which a stockholder has to know concerning the condition of the company in which he owns stock, the right of the citizen to know the nature of the expenditures which are made on behalf of the territory in which he is part owner.

Although this particular question con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cerning that item of over five million dollars in the 1923 report was not answered by the Chief Forester in his article published in The Outlook for March 4, many of Mr. Gregg's questions were answered, and answered satisfactorily. The point is that such questions ought to be answered in the official report and made public. Annually there ought to be presented to the American people the kind of statement that cannot be mistaken or misunderstood.

Let us take another example. In the report of the Forest Service for 1924 "the expenditures of the Forest Service for all purposes during the fiscal year" were accounted for by a number of items. Among them were grouped items under the general head of road and trail construction amounting to $9,351,142.78. It is true that under this heading there were certain separate items referring to roads constructed under several acts, namely, those of March 4, 1913, July 11, 1916, February 28, 1919, and November 9, 1921. If there is any explanation of these several acts, we do not find it in the report. The ordinary citizen naturally has a right to assume that expenditures grouped under the heading "The Expenditures of the Forest Service for all Purposes" are really and truly expenditures of the Forest Service. And yet when Colonel Greeley replies concerning the expenditure for roads he points out what to the ordinary reader would be wholly hidden in the official report, that a large part of these appropriations is based not upon any appropriations for forestry as such but upon appropriations in "the Federal Highway Act," and if we examine into the laws we shall find that these road expenditures are in consequence of appropriations for the Department of Agriculture, which employs as its agent not the Forest Service (except incidentally), but the Bureau of Public Roads. We shall take up this matter of roads at another time. All that we here emphasize is the need of full and clear official statements concerning them.

A third example of the need of a full accounting relates to the sale of timber. The owner of a private estate of large dimensions who leaves his property in the hands of a steward would wish some accounting of his methods of attending to administrative duties. He would wish to know how familiar he was with the estate, how he managed to supervise operations upon it, what methods he had of checking up the actions of his subordinates, and the like. To ask an accounting of time and actions from the steward is not equivalent to doubting his integrity or ability. It is simply the exercise of the right which the owner of a property has to assure himself that the property is properly cared for. We do not find in the Forester's report in 1924 any such accounting. We do find it in his article in The Outlook of March 4, in part. What Colonel Greeley wrote in that article was elicited by the questions put by Mr. Gregg. Those were legitimate questions which it seems to us ought to be anticipated and answered in every annual report dealing with a bureau having such powers as that of the Forest Service.

Underwood

James Fechet
General Mitchell's wings have been turned over to him

It is impossible in this space to go through the various reports of the Forest Service, pointing out the need for clarification in accounting for this stewardship. Those who are interested can obtain and read these reports of property held in trust for them. It is true, as some of our readers have pointed out, that the Chief Forester ought not to content himself with a dry-as-dust statement, but should make the cause of forestry as appealing as possible and his reports as readable as he can make them. That is pertinently true. But there is something that is more important than a readable report, and that is a clear one.

We shall hereafter take up certain other questions pertaining to the policy pursued by the Forest Service. We shall raise again the questions of roads, of fighting tree diseases, of reforestation, of the place of recreation in the use of the National Forests, and, perhaps most important of all, the question whether the American people may not have to be on their guard against the development of a new kind of benevolent bureaucracy.

Air Service and National Defense

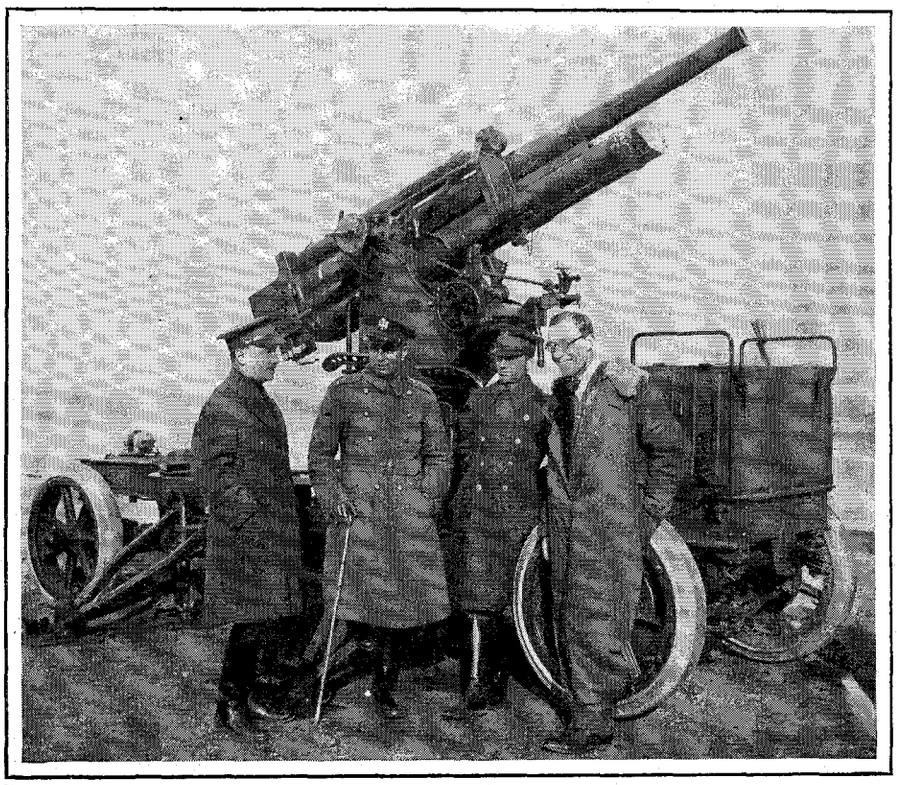
GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL, retiring Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, has, wholly unintentionally, done considerable injury to the cause of aviation. This is not because he has stirred up a controversy or because he has shown a lack of a sense of discipline. It is because he has done much to mislead the public concerning the function of aircraft in warfare, and therefore the place that aircraft should have in the National defense.

He has virtually said in testimony before Congress that aircraft have rendered armies and navies obsolete. He has done all he could to create the impression that the battleship is helpless under an air attack. He might as well have said that armies are equally defenseless. And people have accepted these ideas because General Mitchell is a General, because he is an expert pilot, brave, experienced in warfare, and obviously a man of initiative in thought and action. What people forget is that a man may be very expert in a branch of military science and yet be unacquainted with principles of military strategy. There are parallels in other professions. A man may be very well acquainted with the details of banking and yet not acquainted with the principles of finance, or he may know a great deal about the processes by which newspapers are produced and yet be quite incapable of editorial management.

The fallacy behind what General Mitchell has said lies in the assumption that principles of warfare change with changing weapons. This is not true. The broad principles of naval warfare are the same to-day as they were at the battle of Salamis, 2,405 years ago. Military strategy has not fundamentally changed since the days of Hannibal and Cæsar. Foch put in practice the principles that lay behind Napoleon's campaigns.

The fact that in recent years we have conquered a new element and move about in the air does not in the least change these principles of warfare. It still re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Wide World Photos

This shows the type of artillery developed to repel airplane attacks. It has not proved adequate for its task

mains true, and always will remain true, that warfare is determined by objectives. It is and must be the business of navies and armies to seize and hold positions. It is not their business to kill or maim except as they do it incidentally to their main purpose. Whatever else they do, they fail if they do not seize and maintain objectives, and succeed if they do seize and maintain them. By the nature of things, these objectives must be on the surface of the world. They may be on a land area or a sea area, but they must be on the surface. When an airplane carries a bomb, it carries it with the purpose of dropping it upon the surface somewhere. The objective of the airplane must be either an objective sought by an army or an objective sought by a navy. An airplane cannot of itself seize and hold any objective whatever. It performs the function of a weapon either of the army or of the navy.

Undoubtedly, General Mitchell had grounds for impatience with the conservatism of the Army and the Navy. It is hard to treat with gravity the requirement that aviators should wear spurs. It is true that sometimes sensational methods have to be employed to arouse public attention to public needs; and there is no doubt that there is a public need for more attention to military and naval aircraft. But the mistake of General Mitchell was not in the manner but the substance of his statements. After all, schools exist for pupils, not teachers; hospitals for patients, not doctors; law courts for litigants, not lawyers; and the Air Service for the people, not for the aviators. The Air Service will not find its place in the scheme of National defense until aviators themselves realize that their business is to make armies or navies more effective, to defend them against hostile aircraft, to act as their weapons in seizing and maintaining positions on sea or land, and not to glorify their own branch or to try to make it a substitute for the Army and Navy, that must continue to be responsible for the Nation's defense. Indeed, if General Mitchell had his way, the Air Service might soon become liable to the same fundamental criticism which he has directed against both the Army and the Navy—namely, that attention is directed to the jealous guarding of the prerogatives of the personnel instead of the primary duty of National defense.

Is Colonel James E. Fechet, who has been appointed by the Secretary of War to succeed General Mitchell, a man who is big enough to see the true function of all aircraft in the National defense and to help make army aircraft an effective and adequate instrument of the Army? We do not know. His qualifications are not apparent. There is reason to doubt whether his appointment is the best that could have been made. He ought, however, to have the benefit of the doubt, and be free to justify his appointment.

The Spanish Prisoner

CERTAIN venerable frauds and delusions prove how ardently mankind loves to be swindled. The threat of ill luck which accompanies the failure to copy a prayer sent about from time to time with that ancient nuisance, a "chain-letter," plays upon superstitious feelings and keeps the imposition alive. And the age and success of the Spanish Prisoner confidence game give it almost an established position among business enterprises. It makes one hear with, perhaps, a little regret that the Spanish Prisoner who has languished in an imaginary dungeon cell for at least fifty years, is now, really and actually, in jail. It makes one hope that his durance is not very vile.

The State Department is advised by the American Embassy in Madrid that the Spanish Government, moved by grave diplomatic representations from this country—and probably from England too—has bestirred itself, not too hastily, and placed behind bars one "General Ramon de Santa Clara," who is alleged to be the head and front, or the present representative, of the old, old Spanish Prisoner swindle. The Foreign Offices of various governments, including the American, have been urged to their action by the anguished cries of hundreds of worthy citizens who had hoped to make a great deal of money easily, but simply lost a little of it with almost no trouble at all.

"General Ramon de Santa Clara," and perhaps his father and grandfather before him, or maybe his predecessors in office (in that syndicate which some have suspected must be behind the ancient hoax), used to write such winning letters to persons in England and America and the isles of the sea. He was a man of worthy lineage, suffering imprisonment for some venial sin or other, and extremely desirous of getting hold of a mysterious trunk, bag, or portmanteau containing treasure, rich and rare, and documents proving title to vast *châteaux* in Spain. If only his correspondent would help with a trifling advance, generosity would be repaid a thousandfold, and the helper might enjoy a fat share of the jewels, doubloons, and moidores, to say nothing of the *châteaux*. And so they sent money orders, did honest farm-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers in Sussex and honest citizens of Maine or California. And after a season they began to tell their troubles to the police. Mr. McCluer Stevens, author of a recent book on famous crimes in England, says that Scotland Yard has pigeonholes full of letters, some of them dating back fifty years, and all joining in a woeful chorus of complaint about the Spanish Prisoner. But he went on serenely, did the Prisoner, and the money orders kept rolling in. And now he is laid by the heels, this antique and amusing sufferer, and the incident is a dreadful blow to national pride. For here was a subject of one of the most effete countries of effete Europe playing a successful bunco game upon bright Englishmen and smart Yankees. Dear, dear!

After all, it is only the picturesque impostors who arouse our sympathy. And the Latin nations know how to furnish the romantic element in their sinful little games. Often the Spanish Prisoner had a beautiful daughter who, it was hinted, might be willing to marry the American who came to the rescue of her father and the family fortunes. It may have been a post-graduate of the school of the Prisoner who appeared before an innkeeper in France, some twenty years ago, with the astonishing information that he—the innkeeper—was one of the heirs to a fortune in New York valued at the tempting sum of five hundred million dollars! The bringer of this welcome news was no less than "M. le Général Pedro Suarez de Moreno, Count de Tinoco and Marquis de la d'Essa." His subsequent career, especially his sightseeing trip around New York with the innkeeper and his wife, pointing out to them the choicer parts of their family estate—such as Central Park, the Metropolitan Museum, and the Hotel Plaza—may be found attractively described in Arthur Train's book "True Stories of Crime."

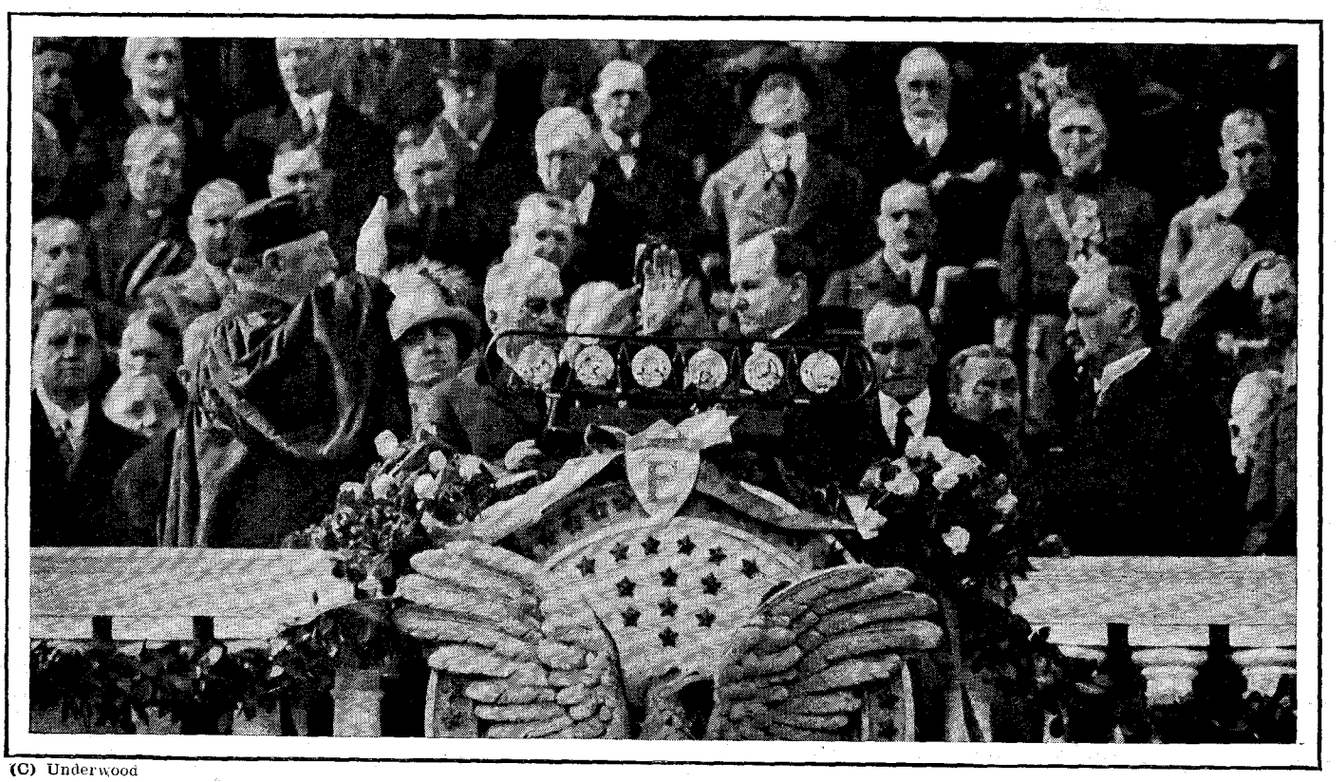
The Sacrificial Oath

Staff Correspondence from Washington

WHAT could one reporter more among five hundred add to the news of the inauguration? Nothing. The story of what is to occur on that little platform up there, I was saying to myself, would be as completely told if four hundred and ninety of the men making frantic notes in the press boxes were playing dominoes at the Press Club. My mind was not made up, though, until the little military man with an excess of importance and red stripes down the seams of his trousers said, "You can't come inside without a ticket to the boxes." "Well," I asked, "can I stay outside with a ticket to the boxes?" He looked doubtful, but I took silence for consent.

Very suddenly I had realized what is wrong with news reports. (Perhaps there are laymen who will agree with me and the rest of the profession that something is wrong.) It is as though reporters wrote down from the pulpit, and not up from the pews.

I walked far away from the boxes; not to the fringe of the crowd, but to a meandering rift in it, a place not yet packed. An old elm stood thereaway, a sort of mound about its roots, vantage-ground for a short-legged man among mortals more aspiring anatomically. Perhaps I pondered that new-found solution of a question that had pestered me for a quarter-century. People in thousands uncountable were about me—in front of me, in my rear, on my flanks. But for a time I did not notice them much. When I did, it was their silence that challenged my attention. Abstracted for the moment, I had in a manner lost orientation. At most and at his alertest, a man sees at once but a small part of a great crowd. And the portion of that crowd immediately around me seemed,



(C) Underwood

Chief Justice Taft pledges Calvin Coolidge to give himself to his country—the sacrificial oath of the Presidents

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

somehow, as familiar to me as my fingers. True, there was no face that I had ever seen before, but I had seen that crowd—how many scores of times before? Its silence and its solemn look were at one with a country cemetery when neighbors stand at the graveside of a neighbor. At once I did not want to see the crowd any more, and I looked among the branches of the elm to see if the buds were swelling.

My ears caught my own little crowd in a different mood—at the county fair. There were barkers about. One cried Coolidge canes for sale, but they probably had been Sheriff Brown canes at many a county fair. A man with a black box on three sticks entreated all and sundry to have their pictures made. An itinerant vender of sweets cried, "Milk chocolate—three bars for ten cents, seven bars for a quarter." Whether he was shrewd or silly I know not. He was a Semite.

When my eyes came down from the tree buds, they confirmed my ears in the county-fair impression. An old woman sat on a camp-stool and munched a fried-ham sandwich.

Yet withal it would not go—that delusion of an isolated, provincial, country crowd.

A Japanese woman, little and pretty, a twinkle in her slightly slant eyes which made one rather fluttery without being certain that her eyes meant to twinkle—this Japanese woman made conversation with a large American woman while her Japanese escort stood apart wondering if his little lady were doing quite the right thing. But whether it was the twinkle or the talk that troubled him I could not tell.

A voluble Mexican—the only person in all that section of the crowd whose voice was not subdued—held forth to a be-whiskered countryman upon the glories of Francisco Villa.

Six student priests strolled past, their garments somber but their faces bright and eager as the faces of any boys let loose a day from school.

No, this was no neighborhood crowd even in my little section of it. But, looking at the crowd and not at the individuals, it was so like one! Even the individuals, too, helped to perfect the illusion.

A tall man with a bundle under his arm swallowed his Adam's apple and inquired, anxiously, when the President was supposed to come on the platform. An hour had gone since the time when he was supposed to come. Those favored watchers in the windows of the Senate Office Building were shading their eyes with their hands. The Indian princess atop the dome began to extend her shadow to the east over the platform and over the crowd. It was nearly one o'clock, and on all the east plaza of the Capitol the turf had turned to muck beneath the shifting feet. And still the crowd, except only the barkers, stood silent.

The platform where Calvin Coolidge was to take the oath of office as President of the United States was far away—very far away even from my mound by the roots of the elm, and the crowd teemed acres and acres beyond and to the sides. Without field-glasses—and all except one in my bit of the throng were without field-glasses—no face could be recognized where the President was to stand.

The music of the band, coming but dimly to us away out there, brought the notes of an old, old song:

> The green grove has gone from the hills, Maggie,
> Where first the daisies sprung;
> The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
> Since you and I were young.

Music does queer things.

Into the heart of me—of me, a reporter standing on a grass hummock by an elm tree—came pity for the man who was about to appear on that platform and assume the duties and the honors of the highest elective office in the world. Why? Such things cannot be analyzed closely. A hundred emotions enter into them. But as I stood there in the hush of the crowd of common folk that surge of pity came to me something like this:

That song was the one song of my old schoolmaster—dear old master, gone with the green groves of our hills. Ghosts of trees long gone rise up among the memories—old trees that served well their generations and died; young trees, too, cut down in the morning of their promise. But, no matter how many ghost trees come, the bodies of trees abide almost unchanged while men go from boyhood to old age. I can go back to the old playground, if I will, and lie a long day through, my head pillowed on the roots of the oak by the well. Other men who have trees in their lives can do the like. Most of us do not go and commune with the trees again, but there is blessedness in knowing that we can when we will.

Only some men—the great men—are banished by their greatness from their trees. Or if, sometimes, they may see them with the physical eye, they may not loiter among them and draw strength from them through day-long and night-long companionship. Never again while he lives can Calvin Coolidge go back undisturbed to commune with the trees of his boyhood. He is the President; four years hence he will be the ex-President; and so forever must remain a man apart from the great joys of common things—self-immolated, as all Presidents are, on the altar of service. If he were to lie with his head on the roots of a tree, "movie" and still camera shutters would snip and snap. He is a man to be pitied while he is honored.

My eyes came down from the elm buds, ashamed of my pitying the President, and took in that mass of silent, solemn figures. What were they doing? What were they there for? One thing was very clear—this was no merry-making holiday for them. In one way and another—consciously, unconsciously, subconsciously—I believe they were pitying the President too. Their love went out to him, their admiration for the qualities which make his character, their confidence in what he will achieve for himself and for them, their deference to his exalted station; but, with it all, a tenderness of solicitude amounting to pity.

Whether it was always so I cannot say—I have seen only this inauguration and the two preceding it—but to-day we have measured the magnitude of the burden we place upon the shoulders of our Presidents. Two of them we have known recently to give their lives for us.

Suddenly the blare of the band swelled. The amplifiers were working.

For a little time there was a stir on the platform. Some figures came among those already there and took the center of the stage.

The voice of Chief Justice Taft, strong and clear and compelling, floated out from the stand, repeating the oath of the President:

"Do you solemnly swear that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Very low, solemn, humble, it sounded to us out there, the voice of Calvin Coolidge pledged—"I do."

The great crowd sighed—audibly. In part it was a sigh of relief, in part of appreciation.

At my elbow a woman held her daughter—ten years old, I guess—over the heads of the crowd. The child sighed too, and said, "I've seen him, mother; let me down."

There was movement everywhere and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sound of voices. The strain was past, the solemn moment gone. The crowd that had stood silent through an hour and more could talk now and laugh. Later it would applaud in the shallows of emotion; the deeps were passed.

Like the child, they had seen him in the moment of taking the sacrificial oath.

DIXON MERRITT.

A London Literary Letter

Cocktail Fiction—The Beardsley Period—A Veteran Historian

By C. LEWIS HIND

READING certain successful novels of the day and seeing certain successful plays, I am astonished at the self-control of their authors. I mean by this that many post-war writers exercise extraordinary self-control in refusing to admit into their novels and plays gleams of any spiritual leanings in their characters. It is astonishing how they manage to avoid such gleams. One would think from these novels that the post-war world has thrown over everything except the enjoyment of the body—a hectic pursuit of sensations major and minor. The outstanding type of such books is Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," which has had an enormous sale. It is diabolically clever; the characters, such as they are, live, and Mr. Arlen, a born story-teller, has the power to make us love his inexcusable heroine. But what a set! What a group of hedonists! The following line of criticism by a learned journal exactly describes the author's purpose and performance: "Mr. Arlen has invented a new kind of literary cocktail." That is so; it is "cocktail" fiction. Another reviewer remarks: "Heavens! What a lot that man knows about men and women—especially women!" True, but his men and women belong entirely to what is known as the "smart set," and to the "cocktail" section of it. Most reviewers accept such books with equanimity. Indignation has gone out of fashion. So long as a book is clever, an author may go his own way without reproof. But not always, not everywhere. I was delighted to read in The Outlook Mr. E. L. Pearson's essay called "Rough Stuff," treating with genial sarcasm the "sex novel."

"The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy, is more human and takes a wider survey; but here, too, the amusing, interesting, and unhappy characters do not seem to suggest that there is any other purpose in life than merely living.

"THE Vortex," by Noel Coward, which draws crowded, intent houses at every performance, is a perfect example of the "cocktail" play. Early in Act I there is this line, *"Florence (ringing bell)*. It's never too early for a cocktail." There you have it. Were "The Vortex" a poor or a shapeless play, it would have been easy to ignore it, but it is as clever dramatically as "The Green Hat" is fictionally; it is wittier and more tense than Oscar Wilde; the author knows the stage, and himself plays one of the parts in "The Vortex" magnificently. As for the conclusion, he sends us away—such is his art—wrought up. I would not have believed that I could have been so impressed by the horrid spectacle of a drug-taking son entreating his mother to give up her lover. I quote the lines because they are the only gleam of aspiration in the play:

> *Nicky (desperately)*. Promise me you'll be different—promise me you'll be different—
>
> *Florence*. Yes, yes—I'll try—
>
> *Nicky*. We'll both try.
>
> *Florence*. Yes, dear. Oh, my dear—

SO the twentieth century—the post-war period in which we live! A book recently published, "The Beardsley Period," by Osbert Burdett, allows us to drift back to the nineties, to the days of "The Yellow Book" and "The Savoy," and the bevy of authors and artists, many of them minor, who played their part in the "naughty nineties." Mr. Burdett, who calls his book an "Essay in Perspective," places on his title-page a line from Max Beerbohm, "I belong to the Beardsley period," which was, of course, a joke by Max. Mr. Burdett treats his subject with great seriousness, but we who lived through the nineties are a little surprised at the way in which a disparate group of writers and artists are grouped in this volume and made to react upon each other. What had Henley, or Francis Thompson, or Stephen Phillips, or John Davidson, or even Oscar Wilde, to do with the Beardsley period? They were working then, but they were beyond influences. The fact is the Beardsley period was entirely Beardsley, and had it not been for "The Yellow Book" and "The Savoy," which were designed for him and expressed him, his name would never have been given to a period. Beardsley, who died at twenty-six, was a genius in his narrow, terribly accomplished, flirting-with-evil way. A brief story in Mr. Burdett's book—the chapter called "Aubrey Beardsley and the Vision of Evil" (poor lad, he only played with it!) gives a startling explanatory picture of him:

> On a cold winter night a friend, shivering in furs, met the artist with no overcoat on the steps of the Opera House.
>
> "Aubrey, you will kill yourself!"
>
> "Oh, no, I never wear an overcoat. I am always burning."

IT is a relief to turn from Aubrey Beardsley's brief hectic days to the long, laborious life of Sir James Ramsay of Banff, who has just passed away at the age of ninety-two. He lived on his estate, and after a brief period of politics he devoted himself to history, basing everything he wrote on original documents. At the age of sixty, after publishing papers in the specialist historical reviews, he issued his first great work, "Lancaster and York." This was followed by such learned treatises as "The Foundations of England," the "Angevin Empire," and "The Dawn of the Constitution." Of one of his great historical labors he wrote: "I close a work that I never ventured to hope that I should live to finish. The reader will stare if I inform him that it has been my standing occupation since the outbreak of the Franco-German War."

It was Ramsay's aim to provide "those desirous of knowing the cardinal facts of English history with a consecutive and verified narrative based on the original authorities, with the help of all modern lights and investigations."

Each must do his own work—the historian Ramsay and the artist Beardsley. Who shall judge them, or their productions? But, contrasted with the long, laborious life of Ramsay, lasting for ninety-two years, does not the Beardsley period seem a puff? One seems to belong to Time, the other to Eternity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Conqueror of Peru

Courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries. Photograph by Ward

This statue of the Conquistador by the late Charles Cary Rumsey, the well-known American sculptor, has been purchased by the Duke of Alba and the Marquis de Zianna and presented to the town of Trujilo, Spain, the birthplace of Pizzaro

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prophets of Rebellion

By EDWARD EYRE HUNT

John Reed and Alan Seeger turned their backs upon America. They saw visions of a new world; they distrusted, like thousands of others, the dream of democracy. What is the true reply of America to these high-spirited rebels? Edward Eyre Hunt asks and answers this question

THE democratic creed of tolerance and inclusiveness has now been tested by three centuries of American history. Its peculiar traditional and conservative character lays it open to special weaknesses in time of stress. The development of modern industrialism is one of these stresses. War is another. Because of the far-flung character of the World War and the long period of suspense before America entered the fight, that period as well as the period of our participation was highly important in the illumination of the democratic dogma. Hence I have chosen to test our American credo by contrasting with it the differing ideals of two gifted Americans who died in the war. Others than these might have been chosen who would have illustrated ideals more nearly like those of the majority; the plain wooden crosses in French and Belgian burial-grounds cover men whose hearts were equally warm and whose purposes were equally high. But these two were men already marked out from the mass of humanity. They came of old American stock; they were educated at a great American university; they were men of mark and distinction. And they did not die for democracy; they did not die for America. They gave their lives for alien principles, alien traditions, alien purposes, and alien lands. One of them sleeps in northern France; the other, in Red Russia. Both were my friends and my classmates.

I

ALAN SEEGER was conspicuous at Harvard. In thought, word, and deed he was different from his fellows. His appearance was striking. He made it more striking still. He was very tall, his hair was jet black, remarkably thick and straight, his eyes had a peculiar liquid look, and his face was a beautiful oval.

He lived in an atmosphere of mediæval romance, such as would have delighted Keats and Shelley. It was devotion to the past so poignant that one wondered how he could ever live in the modern workaday world.

One of his letters describes this period: "As you may remember, in the years when I was at college I was a devotee of Learning for Learning's sake. . . . I led the life of an anchorite. At an age when the social instincts are usually most lively I came to understand the pleasures of solitude. My books were my friends. The opening to me of the shelves of the college library, a rare privilege, was like opening the gates of an earthly paradise. In those dark alleys I would spend afternoons entire, browsing among old folios, following lines of research that often had no connection with my courses, following them simply for the pleasure of the explorer discovering new countries. I never regret those years. They made their contribution. Their pleasures were tranquil and pure. Their desires were simple and all the means of satisfying them were at hand.

"But my hedonism, if such it may be called, was not superficial like that of so many, to whom the emotional means only the sexual. I was sublimely consistent. For seeing, in the microcosm, all nature revolve about the twin poles of love and strife, of attraction and repulsion, so no less in the microcosm of my individual being I saw the emotional life equally divided between those two cardinal principles. The dedication to love alone, as Ovid prettily confesses his own in more than one elegy, is good as far as it goes, but it only goes half-way, and my aspiration was to go all the gamut, to 'drink life to the lees.' My interest in life was passion, my object to experience it in all rare and refined, in all intense and violent forms."

Such a man could not exist successfully in the modern world. After graduation he stayed for a time in New York, and one of the legends about him at which we laughed immoderately was the story of his first love affair. In order to make a proper sacrifice for the young lady, he signalized the declaration of his love by giving up the precarious job on which he was absolutely dependent. The young lady could not appreciate this romantic type of sacrifice; poor Alan was rejected, and thrown on the town. These gay rhymes describe him:

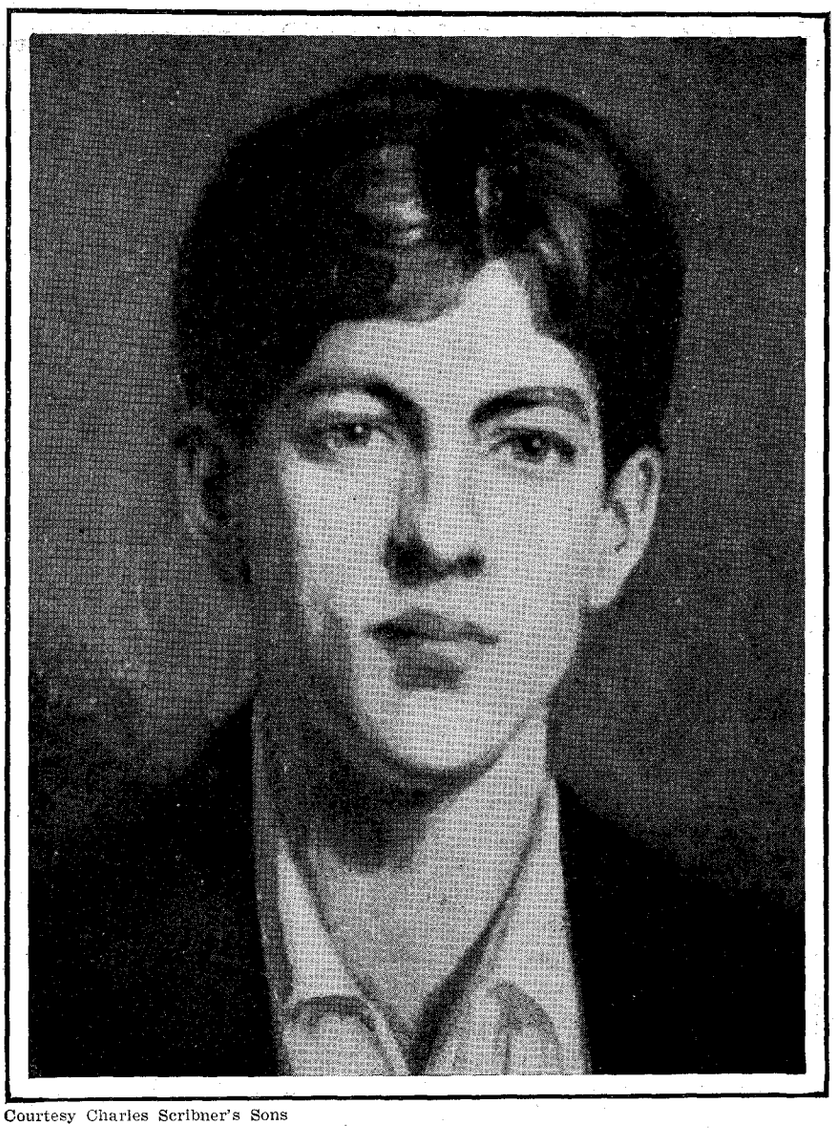
A timid footstep—enter then the eager
KEATS - SHELLEY - SWINBURNE - MEDIÆVAL - SEEGER;
Poe's raven bank above Byronic brow,
And Dante's beak,—you have his picture now;
In fact he is, though feigning not to know it,
The popular conception of a poet.
Dreaming, his eyes are steadily alight
With splendors of a world beyond our sight;
He nothing knows of this material sphere,—
Unwilling seems, at times, to linger here;
Beauty is all his breath, his blood, he says—
Beauty his shrine, and love its priestesses.
Wildly he talks, with solemn, bell-like voice,
In words that might have been old Malory's choice.[1]

A somewhat happier period of his life came when he went to Paris in 1913 and buried himself in that congenial city. It was his love for Paris—personified, of course, as a woman—which led him to enlist in the French Foreign Legion in the third week of the war. His "sentimental and romantic nature" here found its fulfillment. His reasons for enlisting he explained on several occasions; always in the simple terms of a lover fighting for his lady, or a son for his mother. And his tolerance for the German point of view was simple and instinctive.

But there was something else in the instinct which sent him to the front. "People war because strife is the law of nature and force the ultimate arbitrament among humanity no less than in the rest of the universe," he wrote, describing the thoughts of a sentry. "He is on the side he is fighting for, not in the last analysis from ethical motives at all, but because destiny has set him in

[1] The Day in Bohemia; or, Life Among the Artists. By John Reed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

Alan Seeger lived in an atmosphere of mediæval romance and died for glory

such a constellation." The sense of his responsibility is strong upon him. Playing a part in the life of nations, he participates in the largest movement his planet allows him.

"He thrills with the sense of filling an appointed necessary place in the conflict of hosts, and facing the enemy's crest above which the Great Bear wheels upward to the zenith, he feels, with a sublimity of enthusiasm that he has never before known, a kind of companionship with the stars! . . .

"This life agrees with me; there will be war for many years to come in Europe and I shall continue to be a soldier as long as there is war." [2]

I do not suppose in all the armies there was such another paladin. The pure poetry in his make-up was never more evident than in this. He could even write: "Perhaps historic fatality has decreed that Germany shall come out of this struggle triumphant and that the German people shall dominate in the twentieth century as French, English, Spanish, and Italian have in preceding centuries. To me the matter of supreme importance is not to be on the winning side, but on the side where my sympathies lie. Feeling no greater dignity possible for a man than that of one who makes himself the instrument of destiny in these tremendous moments, I naturally ranged myself on the side to which I owed the greatest obligation. But let it be always understood that I never took arms out of any hatred against Germany or the Germans, but purely out of love for France. The German contribution to civilization is too large, and German ideals too generally in accord with my own, to allow me to join in the chorus of hate against a people whom I frankly admire. It was only that the France, and especially the Paris, that I love should not cease to be the glory and the beauty that they are that I engaged."

That word "glory" is also typical. In his diary he sets down his dream of the triumphant French army entering an ancient city of northern France, and the climax is reached in a description of "the winged figure that her soldiers love to picture at the head of their victorious battalions—*la Gloire!*" I do not recall in any American recruiting poster, or appeal for war loans, or military *communiqué,* or speech in Congress, or note of President Wilson, one reference to "glory." To the American people the war was not glorious. To Alan Seeger it was.

He knew nothing and cared nothing for democracy. He instinctively revolted from its works. In a sonnet to Sidney he says:

I give myself some credit for the way
I have kept clean of what enslaves and lowers,
Shunned the ideals of our present day
And studied those that were esteemed in yours . . .
And lived in strict devotion all along
To my three idols—Love and Arms and Song.[3]

In his published diary and letters there is never a sign of political emotion. The unique insulation of his poetic mind kept him in a curious degree "unspotted from the world." Unlike the other soldier-poets, he did not record disappointments, doubts, despairs, rages, horrors, self-abasements. In the midst of strife he was at peace.

On April 2, 1917, addressing the Congress of the United States, President Woodrow Wilson declared: "We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy." Those ringing words would have found no echo in the dead heart of Alan Seeger. He was killed on July 4, 1916.

The manner of his death has been fittingly told. Two battalions of the Foreign Legion were to attack Belloy-en-Santerre. It was late afternoon. The companies forming the first wave were deployed in the plain, Alan Seeger one of them. "How pale he was! His tall silhouette stood out on the green of the corn field. He was the tallest man in his section. His head erect, and pride in his eye, I saw him running forward, with bayonet fixed." He fell mortally wounded, and his comrades swept by him.

They did not find his body until morning. Legend has it that his rifle was standing with bayonet fixed in the earth. The corpse was mother-naked. He had stripped off his clothes, with poetic rit-

[2] Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[3] Poems of Alan Seeger. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ualism, and went from the world as he came into it.

II

JOHN REED was a college celebrity. His virile, humorous personality was one of the best-known in Harvard in his undergraduate days. Born of old American strains, respectable, conservative—New England at its best—and yet himself a product of the great Northwest; large, athletic, exuberant, always smiling, he plunged into everything which Harvard offered. He wrote plays, poems, and humorous skits; he swam; he "managed" college activities; he was "Ibis" of the "Lampoon" and editor of the "Monthly;" his lyrics for the Hasty Pudding show are still sung; he was a cheer-leader at football games; he delivered the Ivy oration. There was something Elizabethan in his huge vitality. He loved life.

And through everything he did there ran a strain of the grotesque which turned the most serious event into laughter. The college authorities were compelled by his pranks to revive the archaic punishment of rustication, a kind of academic jail sentence, the first of his innumerable incarcerations.

After graduation Reed was locked up in the jails of France, Spain, and Italy, and with each mad adventure the delighted laughter of his friends grew louder. We always expected him to ruin himself, but he never quite did it.

He returned to America and hurried to New York, determined to make a million dollars and to marry a French girl. In six months he had given up both the million and the fiancée. "Every one" knew Jack Reed. He was the sort about whom legends breed. He could not be ignored.

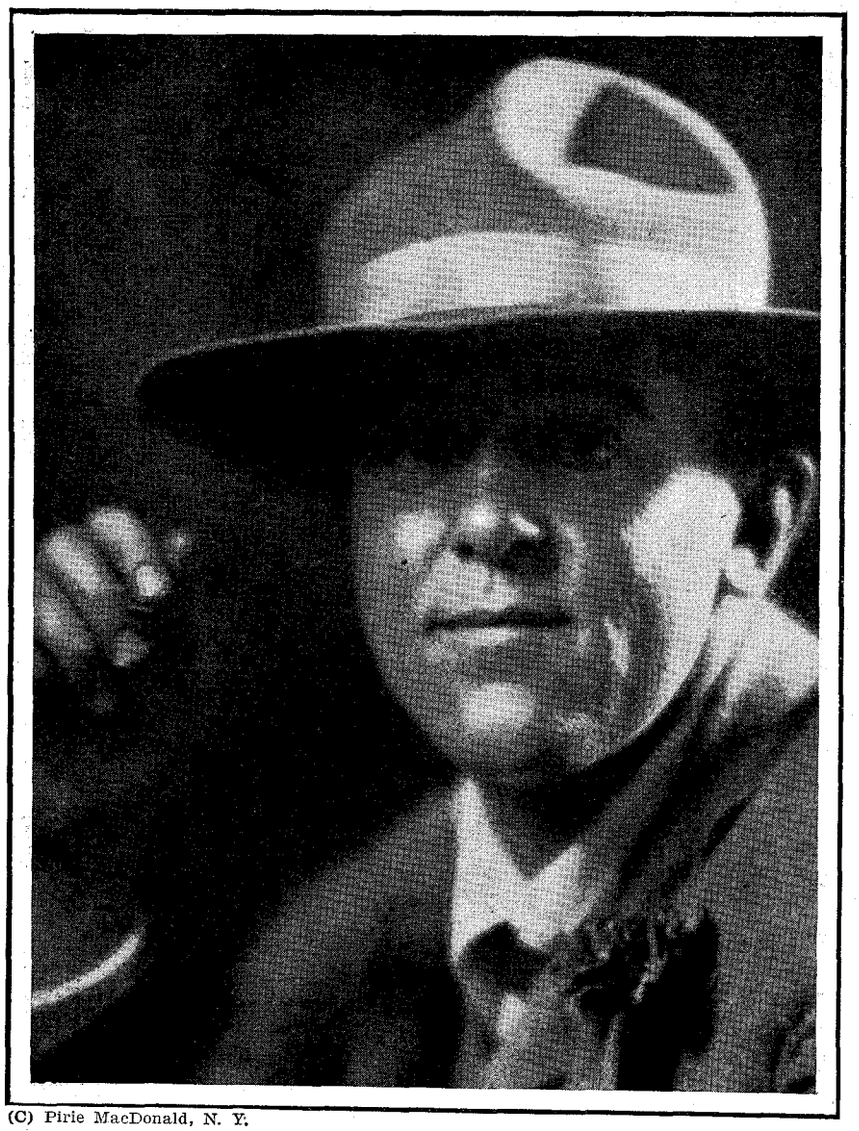
He joined the staff of a popular magazine. He roamed at will through the various little worlds which go to make up the universe of New York, everywhere at home, everywhere welcomed and made much of. The world of the writers and artists was his birthright, but he played with the Anarchists, the Socialists, and he knew the byways of the *demi-monde*. He lived in Greenwich Village and loved it. I quote from one of his gay lyrics:

In winter the water is frigid,
In summer the water is hot;
And we're forming a club for controlling the tub,
For there's only one bath to the lot.
You shave in unlathering Croton,
If there's water at all, which is rare—
But the life isn't bad for a talented lad
At Forty-two Washington Square!

And he hated pretense. This is how he describes a group of Greenwich Villagers:

A lofty, skylit room,
Each window draped, and dusky as a tomb;
On a brass tripod Chinese punk doth smell,
And scented candles stink and fume as well;
Surely no fresh air ever enters here.
This must be the Artistic Atmosphere.
. . . . . .
A clack of squabbling voices smites the ear.
Dim in the murk the other cranks appear;
SHAEMAS, who out-revives the Celt revival—
Considers Synge an upstart and a rival;
STREPHON, who sings of Youth, and Wind and Flowers,
The Open Road, and Vagabonds, for hours;
Cries "Back to Nature," goes without a hat,
And—never stirs from his steam-heated flat!
Anear him CHLOE, in a pastoral dress—
Which cost at least three hundred flat, I guess,
Revolves her onyx eyes with some success;
She wields no brush, manipulates no lyre,
Her job in life is simply to Inspire. . . .
And here's the RICH MAN, fidgeting beside us,
Who tries to be Mæcenas—and is Midas;
And from his talk, it presently appears
That *every* Midas has an ass's ears!
And all about, a dozen curious females,
Who would be, and again would never be males;
The mild, the violent, the stout, the thin—
One cup of Oolong makes the whole crowd kin.[1]

Of course the magazines published his poems and sketches, and he wrote a play,



(C) Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.

John Reed fought for Utopia under the banner of Bolshevism and found death

[1] The Day in Bohemia; or, Life Among the Artists. By John Reed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

performed by a club of magazine men, satirizing their venality, calling it "Every Magazine—An Immorality Play." He reported the great strike in the Paterson silk mills, was jailed, and when released he staged a pageant benefit with twelve hundred strikers as the actors. He reported the Mexican Revolution, and published a book about Villa. He reported the coal strike in Colorado. When the World War broke out, he had already won his spurs as a correspondent and was one of the best-known and best-paid newspaper writers in America.

Along with this crescendo of reportorial success had gone a deepening of the instinct of revolt which had led him in Harvard to join the Socialist club and to be the champion of various unconventional movements. He was a revolutionist, and Socialism rationalized his instinct for change. He revolted at exploitation in every form, and if his reasoning was superficial his feelings were not. The poet, the adventurer, demanded life in greater and greater abundance. He wanted worlds to conquer. But he wanted them for others as well as for himself, for his generosity was boundless.

He was one of the founders of the "Masses" (later the "Liberator"), and in the midst of his lucrative work for the magazines he always found time to send his best to this struggling publication. The creed of the "Masses" was Socialism. But what Reed contributed to the paper was not propaganda; it was art.

When the war began, he went abroad. As war correspondent for the "Metropolitan" magazine he visited every battle-front and every belligerent country in Europe. But his course as correspondent was quickly run. Sir Philip Gibbs waited until after the war was over to write "Now It Can be Told;" John Reed could not wait. He hated the war. He found it "dull; it wasn't interesting." He wrote a book about it, and in this book one finds a fateful reference to "the mysterious and violent spotted fever, which kills fifty per cent of its victims, and whose bacillus no man had then discovered." It was the spotted fever which killed him.

When America entered the war, Reed was an out-and-out pacifist. He fought American participation. Propaganda took possession of his work. He threw himself into radical movements. When the Bolshevik Revolution came, he was in Petrograd, and here he found a congenial task. "This morning I was at the scene of the dispersal of the Junkers defending the Winter Palace by the Soviet troops. In the afternoon I was present at the opening of the All-Russian Assembly of Soviets. In the evening I witnessed the assault on the Winter Palace, entering with the first Bolsheviki troops," he wrote. This was life! To him this war had meaning. But what he was now writing was not art; it was only propaganda. The artist was stifled.

He returned to America, to find himself in grave trouble with the State Department and the police. The Bolsheviki appointed him their Consul-General in New York. He was one of the organizers of the Communist Labor Party. He was indicted, tried, and acquitted; indicted again, but not tried, because he had already left America in another effort to get to Russia. The war was not yet over for Russia and the border states. In 1920 the *cordon sanitaire* was still in force. No medicine, surgical supplies, or food could pass, and the sick died for want of simple things.

Reed was arrested and imprisoned in Finland. Only after long delays he again reached Red Russia.

He returned "older and sadder and grown strangely gentle and æsthetic." The cruel Russian winter had not yet begun, but starvation stalked abroad, and with starvation strode that grimmer specter, typhus. His clothes were in rags; he refused to be better clad than his Russian comrades; he had reached "the pinnacle of fervor." Three months' solitary confinement in the Finnish jail, where he had only raw fish to eat, had wasted his athletic frame to a shadow. He fell ill.

She who was dearest to him has written that in cases of spotted fever "the patient wastes to nothing under your eyes." In those anguishing twenty days "his mind was full of poems and stories and little beautiful thoughts. . . . He would tell me the water he drank was full of little songs."

He had once written a poem called "Fog:"

Death comes like this, I know—
Snow-soft and gently cold;
Impalpable battalions of thin mist,
Light-quenching and sound-smothering and slow. . . .
How vast your voice has grown
That was so silver-soft;
Dim dies the candle-glory of your face—
Though we go hand in hand, I am alone.

Now love and all the warm
Pageant of livingness
Trouble my quiet like forgotten dreams
Of ancient thunder on the hills of storm.
How loud, how terribly
Aflame are lights and sounds!
And yet beyond the fog I know there are
But lonely bells across gray wastes of sea.[5]

So he died in Moscow, an outlaw, a man wanted by the police, on October 17, 1920.

In the old cemetery under the ancient Kremlin wall, in ground once sacred to the Romanoffs, the soldiers of the Red Army laid him. They said to one another, "He came all the way across the world for us." They could not know across how many worlds he had come.

III

In a recent volume called "Civilization in the United States—An Inquiry by Thirty Americans," edited by a son of Harvard who believes as ardently as Reed and Seeger that beauty and liberty are to be found abroad but not at home, there is a call for a general revision of our standards. The work is a symptom of a widespread feeling that neither tolerance nor inclusiveness is longer to be found here. Generous-minded young men fly from Main Street to the boulevards, and we do not lack vociferous apologists for Bolshevism.

But these emotional revolts are not the whole story. The world everywhere is in rebellion against the democratic creed. Everywhere there is skepticism and pessimism regarding the aims, the methods, and the institutions of political government. Written constitutions, elective assemblies, government by discussion—these are viewed with indifference if not with contempt by inert majorities, while militant minorities openly flout them.

In nation after nation the storm has gathered. Communism, it is true, has not spread much beyond the confines of Russia, but the Soviet Government has maintained itself with conspicuous strength while constitutional governments have shifted and fallen. The "dictatorship of the proletariat" is paralleled elsewhere by dictatorships of an equally sinister sort, equally fatal to democratic principles. Italy has her Mussolini; Hungary, her Horthy; China, her Chang Tso-lin; Spain, her Primo de Rivera. France has shown signs of Cæsarism, and Germany has what appears to be only the shadow of a democratic government. The British Empire throughout seems in the throes of change. Our own America has been profoundly shaken by obscurantism and

[5] Copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reaction. Bolshevism, Fascismo, *camelots du roi,* tuchuns, juntas, Ku Klux Klan—these are names which stink in the nostrils of one who believes in democracy.

IV

WHAT the true American democracy is, what the indigenous culture of America is to which we give our allegiance, another has said more competently than I can do. Horace M. Kallen, in "Culture and Democracy in the United States," develops the creed of tolerance and inclusiveness. He asserts that it "is founded upon variation of racial groups and individual character; upon spontaneous differences of social heritage, institutional habit, mental attitude, and emotional tone; upon the continuous, free, and fruitful cross-fertilization of these by one another. . . .

"From the days when the New England school first turned its heart to Europe for spiritual sustenance and workmanlike guidance to the days when all the cultural enclaves of Europe began to make a new life upon the North American continent, the culture of the United States has gathered volume and headway; has gathered variety, color, and significance. It has gathered them because, regardless of the compulsions toward uniformity that have periodically swept like tides over the Nation, the spacious continent has permitted the spontaneous self-rooting and automatic growth of differentiated communities and the free flow, impact, compenetration, and reordering of spiritual values between them. It has gathered them because in the spaces of the continent democracy could not but prevail, and the lives of cultural groups retain their integrities even as the lives of individual spirits.

"This democracy—in character and constitution social and intellectual rather than political, for its principle is, not one man one vote, but one temperament, one point of view, one vote—is that which is to-day at stake in the United States. It lies—as the history of culture of any land makes amply clear—at the foundation of culture everywhere. It is the indispensable prerequisite to the existence and growth of culture in the United States. In manyness, variety, differentiation, lies the vitality of such oneness as they may compose."

This is the ideal and this is the reality, obscured and disfigured as it was by the war. To flee this America, as Reed and Seeger did, is not to save one's soul alive. Here, if anywhere, is to be worked out the fundamental difficulty of democracy—namely, that tolerance and inclusiveness are not only a philosophy or a form of government, they are a way of life.

It is in our industrial life that the methods of reconciliation and the creation of unity from variety are to-day most promising. In the clash of interests between employers and employees we are developing a technique of democratic agreement the purpose of which is not compromise but creation; we are learning to have a new concept of the mutuality of law, a new respect and appreciation for science in human relationships. Compared with the relative stagnation of political democracy, our economic democracy is stirring with life and hope.

Science has given us in a single century more than in all the forty centuries which have preceded, yet it has scarcely touched the problems of politics. It is inconceivable that the ideal activity of the Greek philosophers and of generous minds of all ages is to remain a craft of which mankind is more than half ashamed. Not our aims but our methods require revision. It is inconceivable that the ballot, the very symbol of democracy, is to remain a dull device for registering our differences instead of helping to forge new bases for our agreements.

President Eliot has dared to call our day "the happiest age the world has ever known." In spite of the débris and the ashes of war those words ring true. Not in a return to the sterile ideal of *la Gloire,* not in a leap forward to the chimera of Communism, but in the working out of the problems of our traditional democracy is the good life to be lived. For each of us. "here is our America."

A Cat and the Cape

The true tale of three men who picked a March gale for a pleasure cruise

By JOHN T. ROWLAND

IT is not always in far-off waters that the hardest-fought battles occur. My best one was an all-night struggle against wind and sea while bringing a small cat-yawl round the Cape from Boston in March a few years ago. It beat anything I have ever seen on the coast of Labrador, or, for that matter, anywhere else.

Two of us had undertaken the cruise, the purpose of which was to sail this little craft I had just purchased down to Long Island Sound. She was a typical Cape Cod cat, bluff and beamy, but rigged as a yawl with a little jigger-mast cocked up on her stern. The only trouble with the Dorcas (as I shall call her) was that she had been a boat too long. But we did not realize that when we started.

Going across Cape Cod Bay a whole fistful of oakum must have dropped out of her ancient seams, because she started to sink under our feet. It was eleven o'clock of a frosty March night, and the water had about the temperature of melting ice, or so at least it felt. We got busy with pumps and buckets to bail the North Atlantic through her bottom, and by working as fast as we were able managed to keep nearly even with the leak. The wind, fortunately, held fresh and fair. Towards morning we succeeded in beaching our vessel at Provincetown in what a submarine officer might describe as an "awash condition."

When daylight came, we were chagrined to discover that we had landed Dorcas squarely in somebody's back yard, with her stem not ten feet from the overhanging kitchen porch of a substantial dwelling. The good lady who owned the house was somewhat more than chagrined. She came to the back door and ordered us off forthwith, but, since the tide meanwhile had gone down and left our helpless craft high and dry, we decided that the demand, though emphatic, must be more oratorical than real, and countered with a request for bacon and eggs and hot coffee.

That good woman had a heart of gold. The grim visage relaxed.

"My lands!" she said. "You boys

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must be starved—and frozen too, bailin' that leaky old tub all night." And she who a moment before had been threatening us with every dire process of the law bustled back into her kitchen, to reappear in an incredibly short time with a breakfast fit for a king—or a Cape Cod fisherman. I have never been able to understand why the mere mention of food, in the petitive mood, works such miracles with the feminine heart.

THAT whole day Dorcas continued a trespasser on the shelving beach while we pounded calking into her yawning seams. It was a rough job, but it seemed to do the trick, for she floated off in the evening with the leak stopped. At the last moment a shipmaster who was a friend of mine joined us for a lark. He had grown "stuffy" sitting ashore, and reckoned that a little crisp spring air might do him good.

By the first light of dawn we got under way, and were soon speeding down the Cape shore with a fresh breeze at northeast. Dorcas was a straight sailboat without any auxiliary or "kicker" of any sort, but she had an ample spread of sail and traveled well. During the day the wind backed into the northwest and grew puffy, coming down in hard gusts off the land; but the sea remained comparatively smooth, and we made good time. Sunset, which was cold and clear, with long wisps of "mare's-tails" streaking the western sky, saw us off Ghatan's twin lights—and then it was that the fun began.

This part of the coast is fringed with shoals that extend several miles offshore, and so we were unable any longer to hug the beach. As Dorcas edged out from the land the wind increased until by the time night had fairly settled down it was blowing a moderate gale. Overhead the stars were very bright and clear and the usual signs of a storm completely lacking, but what an edge that clean, cold west wind did have! And the spray when it struck our faces stung like particles of ice.

I looked for some diminution in the wind's force when the moon came up, but instead it blew harder still. By eight o'clock we had torn past the seaward end of Pollock Rip, where the lightship rides, and now, some four miles offshore and with the sea from clear across Nantucket Sound striking us on the weather bow, set the Dorcas to climb to windward through that wicked chop. It was as tough a job as ever a little sailboat was asked to do. To make matters worse, the tide was running a strong ebb—against us—and we had the Stone Horse directly under our lee, a nasty shoal where in places there are only four or five feet of water. It was no question of anchoring or heaving to; Dorcas had to fight it out and, what was more, *she had to gain.* Neither boat nor man could have lived in the broken water on the shoals that night.

Accordingly, we flattened down our sheets till the sails stood stiff as boards and gave her a good rap-full. She hurled herself into the steep breaking sea like a fullback charging the line. With each one she hit the whole fore part of the vessel went clear out of sight. The air was so full of spray that we had to turn our heads to breathe. I marveled that the old sails and gear stood the strain and expected each moment to lose masts, sails, and all. But meanwhile Dorcas gained—gained inch by inch, thrashing her way to windward in the teeth of sea, tide, and gale. It was tremendous sport!

I had been almost an hour at the wheel, and was beginning to flatter myself on our progress (with chattering teeth, for the wind cut like a knife), when a great gust hit us and laid the little vessel on her ear. She staggered up again with her cockpit full of water. Her sails shook, threatened to thrash themselves to ribbons—and another squall struck us that was stronger still.

Jim, my shipmaster friend, put his mouth to my ear. "Let *me* take her for a spell," he yelled. I did, and joined Tom, who was bailing. So much water was coming aboard that we did not know whether it came through her bottom or over her rail—and did not greatly care.

MOST big-vessel sailors are clumsy in small craft, but Jim was the exception. Somehow he got Dorcas going and, what was more remarkable still, managed to keep her from being knocked on her beam ends again right away. She gathered way and went at it again like a man who is groggy but game. The mainsail had a single reef, the jib and jigger none. To have shortened sail would have meant stopping all progress; she would simply have bobbed up and down in the same hole—and we still had the Stone Horse under our lee.

Jim stood at the wheel like a stone image, with his back braced against the jigger-mast, and neither moved nor spoke. Tom and I plied the buckets and worked for our lives to keep the ship afloat. Tom had taken up the floor boards in the cabin and stood in water knee deep, scooping up buckets and passing them to me to empty overside. I figured that we were throwing water out of her at a rate of nearly a hundred gallons a minute. Every once in a while I straightened up and looked at Jim at the wheel. He stood exactly as I had seen him last, the little wheel gripped in his big hands and his pipe, long since cold, clenched at the same cocky angle in his teeth.

THE moon grew higher and brighter. There was not a cloud left in the sky, but that bitter northwest wind seemed to blow harder by the minute. We were soaked in spite of our oilskins, and only the strenuous work of bailing kept Tom and me from being frozen where we stood. Ahead on our weather bow the light of Handkerchief Lightship glanced in bright mockery across the foaming crests. Sometimes it seemed a little nearer, and then, when two or three unusually steep seas had stopped the Dorcas dead, we could almost see it recede. Somehow one came to take a detached view of the proceedings, like a spectacle with which one had no really personal concern. But I doubt if Jim felt that way, for every instant he held the balance between life and death quite literally in his two hands.

By some magic he kept the little craft going, kept her from taking a knockdown that would roll her bottom up. Half a dozen times the cockpit rail dipped water and Tom and I redoubled our efforts and threw it out. On the whole we gained, though by imperceptible degrees. The eastern sky was brightening when at last we passed the light, rounded the tail of the shoal, and tacked ship to stand up into the bight. The water grew smoother then as we got in out of the tide.

I looked at the clock fastened on the cabin wall; for four mortal hours Jim had stood motionless at that wheel!

"Have a spell?" I shouted in his ear.

"Sure," he answered, "if I can move."

We made harbor inside the breakwater at Hyannisport just as the sun was coming up over a sea horizon hard as the edge of a knife. Later that day I looked over our gear, and made a discovery that sent little chills up and down my spine. Two strands out of the six that made the wire rope of our shrouds, on the side that had borne all the weight of the straining mainsail, were broken clean through.

I reported the fact to Jim,[1] who was in the cabin stowing away two pounds of juicy beefsteak.

"Humph!" said he. "Good job we didn't know that last night. Here's your chow, youngster. Pitch in!"

[1] "Jim" was Captain James A. Loesch, master of the famous old schooner yacht Endymion when she ran from Newfoundland to Cape Clear, Ireland, in nine days and established a transatlantic record.—J. T. R.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booze, Here and There

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

In this article Mr. Mandeville widens the circle of the territory which he has investigated. He reports from personal observations conditions in Philadelphia and in many of the towns and cities in New York State and New England. What will the citizens of these municipalities do about it?

IN Elmira, New York, I found over twenty saloons within five blocks on Railroad Avenue. Before prohibition this section of the town was frequented only by the "low lifes." Now, I am informed, a good part of its patronage is drawn from the sons of the wealthy and from car-loads of Cornell boys who drive over from Ithaca.

The proprietor of one of the hotels there showed me the system by which he controls the entrance to his bar. The door to the barroom is unlocked by pushing a button in the lobby. The desk clerk thus prevents free access to the stranger. Once in the barroom, you can't get out until the bartender releases the lock by pushing another button.

The bartender at another place told me that he wouldn't touch the Scotch whisky that was coming into Elmira—it was too poor stuff. He added that fine rye whisky was shipped in from the warehouses in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Beer in plenty is brought in from Sayre and Scranton. Pennsylvania is said to be the center of most of the Eastern beer supply. Elmirians also report that Auburn, New York, is one of the main liquor-distributing points for Central New York. Champagne occasionally is brought down from Lake Keuka.

Whisky brings from $70 a case up in Elmira. There are several well-known dealers who will arrange delivery, or one can buy from the traveling bootleggers who make their rounds weekly. Highballs, over the bar, are fifty and seventy-five cents, depending upon the quality of the liquor.

Railroad Avenue is also the disorderly-house section, and this business as well as the drug traffic is closely allied with booze-selling, I was told by a resident of the street, an old friend.

He also told me that the foreigners, who for the most part run these saloons, are getting rich from the business and buying quantities of expensive real estate with their earnings. This statement was borne out by the testimony of local real estate and investment men. An automobile insurance man and the head of a company which finances the time-payment purchase of automobiles told me that automobile thefts have more than doubled in the last few years. These men attribute this to the rum-running crowd, who steal cars to transport their contraband. They also said that bootleggers buy cars on time payments, so that if the car be confiscated by the authorities under the Prohibition Law the investment loss will not be so heavy.

Former United States Commissioner Robert P. McDowell said that he could

Underwood

A rubber vest which is not designed to save life at sea

tell from memory of between one hundred and two hundred places now selling bootleg whisky in Elmira. He despairs of any effective remedy by the two or three Federal officers. A local Law Enforcement League is campaigning for a local enforcement act. The police of the city show the usual indifference to the Volstead Law, and the league of dry enthusiasts employs its own deputies, paying a lump sum for each conviction. Of course these men have to work in conjunction with the Federal agents. Many complaints were made to me of the methods employed by these deputies to run up their earning power. They take pot shots at innocent automobilists riding on the highways after dark who will not stop at their waving lantern. The automobilists say that they dare not stop in secluded spots, on account of the increased number of road bandits. From the waving lantern they cannot tell whether it be a law enforcer or a law-breaker. The bootleggers say that they don't mind being arrested when fairly "caught with the goods," but that these privately paid enforcers (a poor lot, they say) "frame up" the evidence against them. They allege that warrants for arrest are sworn out without any actual evidence and without previous entrance to their places. It is common talk among the drinkers of the town that the booze-selling places are always "tipped off" before a Federal raid. They always know of the time set for raiding, and manage to have nothing illegal on their premises at the time of search. The Law Enforcement League is making a strenuous effort to dry up the town. Its members attend the sittings of the Federal Court, petition the judge to extend the full penalties, and hold prayer-meetings in the corridors during the lunch hours.

A great deal of public opinion which was formerly with the drys seems to have turned against them now, because of some of the methods that they have employed.

The social events of the town are marked now by their wetness in contrast to the pre-prohibition customs. It is now quite the thing for a young couple to get roaring drunk at the best parties. Champagne punch is served at the fashionable dances. It is reported that after the social event of the year the hall and anterooms were strewn with empty bottles.

CONDITIONS in Corning, New York, I am told, are similar to those in Elmira. Ithaca is much drier, at least as far as open selling and drinking goes. Buffalo and Syracuse are two of the widest-open cities in the State. I believe they surpass New York in openness of selling and lawlessness. Geneva saloons furnish all the liquor the drinkers want; beer at 20 cents a glass; gin at $6 a quart, and whisky for $8 to $12 according to the quality and origin. A favorite Geneva drink is raw alcohol mixed with ginger ale. This alcohol sells for $4 a pint.

People in Schenectady who are close

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(C) Underwood

General Butler, Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia, follows up the result of a raid

observers of conditions tell me that the underworld has grown wealthy and powerful from the profits of booze-selling. A daughter of one of the first families in Schenectady told me that girls of her set have "hen luncheons," to which they all carry flasks of liquor and drink it in the wash-rooms. Saloons operate openly in Ballston Spa, a small town north of Schenectady. Beer and whisky are sold to any one who wants them, and the places keep open as late at night as they can do business.

Glens Falls, New York, gets its hard liquors from New York and its beer and ale from Canada. Several saloons run wide open. They are even joked about by name on the vaudeville stage. In the Adirondack region I have known of open selling and undisguised transportation of liquor during broad daylight. Malone, Ogdensburg, and Plattsburg have many "speak-easies" and "blind tigers" running with only the slightest of precautions. Prices are cheaper in these towns on account of the short haul necessary from the Canadian line.

The New York suburban towns that I visited were selling quite openly. At a fashionable resort within forty miles of New York City, with hundreds of the young aristocracy present, I saw more drinking and boisterous drunkenness in a single evening than I have seen in any other evening in all my up-State traveling—and that is *some* drinking. Walking out on the piazza for fresh air, I saw a young girl, expensively gowned, stretched out, face downwards, in the muddy driveway, dead to the world from drink.

New Year's Eve in New York City showed me more drunkenness in the early morning hours than any of the previous celebrations that I have witnessed. The little side-street places which sold beer or ale by the glass seemed to be the ones troubled by the authorities, while the big places in the Broadway white lights kept on selling, evidently without molestation. There was little secrecy that I saw. Bottles of liquor were brought in and placed on the tables; reeling drunks were much in evidence.

One proprietor of a "speak-easy" in Greenwich Village told me that there is now a growing demand for "confidential tenors." He explained that he meant an entertainer who can sing in muted *tempo* or practically in a whisper, going from table to table while performing. This is to avoid complaints from the neighboring tenants, who have been registering protests that the noise of these night places causes them to be public nuisances.

Alcoholism is said to have increased twofold in New York State during the past year. I interviewed Dr. John J. McGrath, President of the Board of Trustees of Bellevue Hospital, New York City. He said: "There were more than three times as many victims of alcoholic poisoning last year than there were in 1921. During the last five years the number of alcoholic poisoning cases has been so great that the facilities of this department of the hospital have been taxed to their utmost. Each successive year for the last five years the number of alcoholics treated at Bellevue Hospital has increased; as a matter of fact, from 1,500 in 1919 to 6,000 in 1924. Formerly an alcoholic patient needed not more than two or three days in the hospital for recovery. He now requires about fifteen days and the whole-time services of a nurse. This can only be accounted for by the fact that the liquor which these unfortunate people are able to obtain is a potent poison as compared with the liquor of previous years.

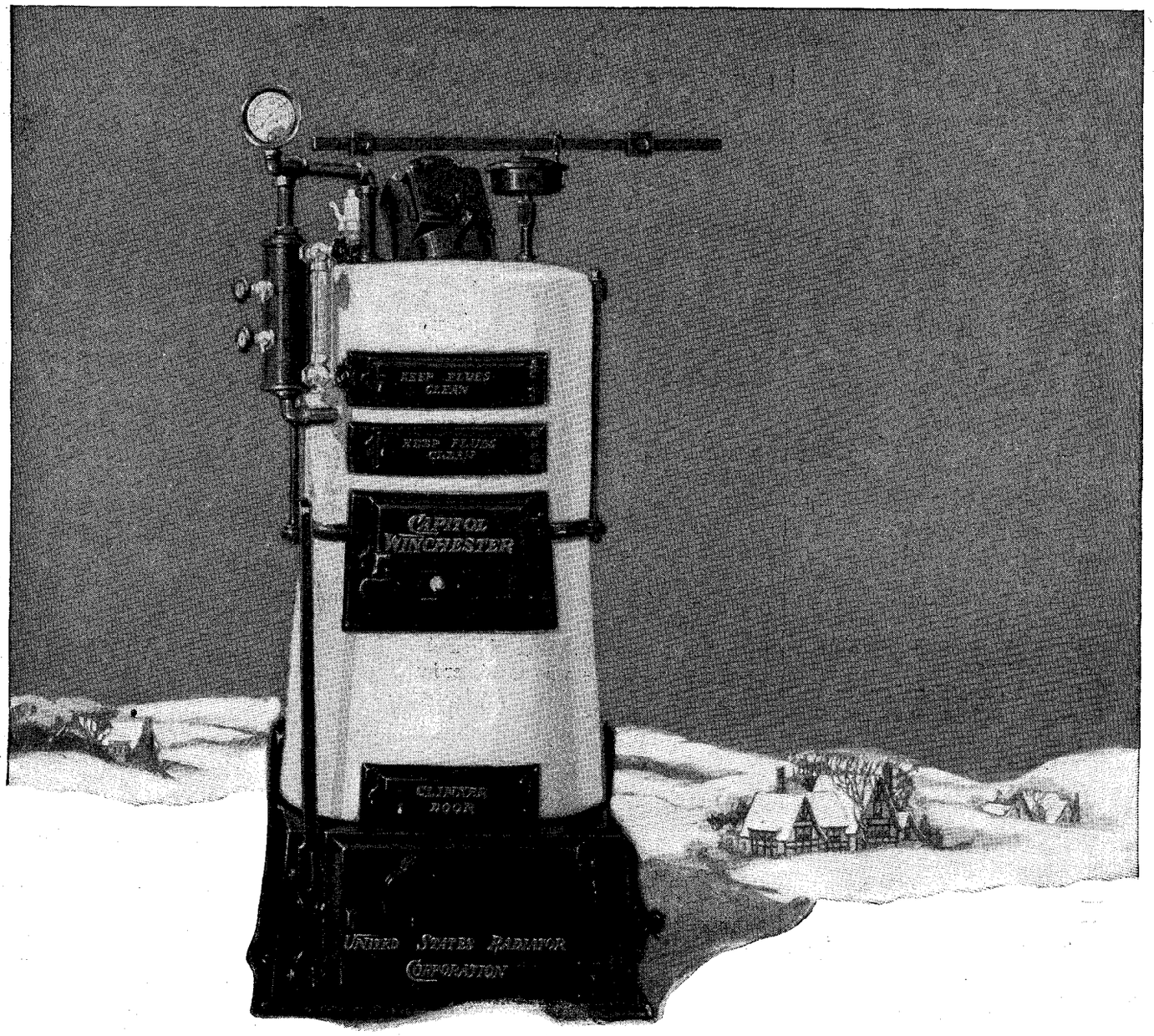
"The victims are mostly poor folks," he added. "They buy terrible stuff; spend fifteen days in the hospital, and go right back at it again."

In an interview with another physician at Bellevue I was told that there were over six thousand alcoholic poisoning cases in 1924, but that this was some two thousand less than they had had ten years ago. This doctor also deplored the present number of cases, but said that nowadays most of them were just plain drunks poisoned by bad liquor, and that the frequent cases of cirrhosis of the liver and alcoholic wet brain (brought on by constant use of intoxicants) which were much in evidence formerly now appear quite rarely.

Statistics from the United States Census Bureau show that in 1922 there were 2.9 deaths from alcoholism in New York State to each 100,000 population. In 1923 the rate increased to 4.3 per 100,000 people. In pre-Volstead days the rate fluctuated between 4 and 6.

In my interview with Arthur J. Davis, New York State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, he expressed his opinion that little could be done toward effective enforcement until a State law is passed. "When the Mullan-Gage Law was repealed in 1923," he said, "all other State prohibition enforcement laws were wiped off the books, leaving nothing to act upon. Under the present conditions, the police do not consider it their business to enforce the Volstead Act. Without a State law, the policeman, if he makes an arrest, must take his prisoner to the Federal Court. In many sections of the State this means a trip of many miles. The trip must be repeated several times for court appearances. The policeman, accustomed only to things in his regular routine, is not familiar with the methods of the Federal court, is somewhat diffident about appearing there, and with the travel and delay element involved, it is natural for him to shun

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The most important thing to look for in any manufactured product is Reputation. The fixed opinion of many thousands of people is an infallible index of quality.

Heating contractors, you will find, are ready to specify Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators without hesitation. They know, through long experience, that these products will justify their own faith and that of the owner.

Furthermore, they know that every Capitol is covered by the broadest written guarantee in the boiler field. Where our own responsibility is so clearly defined there can be no element of speculation.

These are essential facts that you should consider when you are in the market for a heating system. They amount to positive assurance that you can buy no better boiler than the Capitol.

We shall be glad to send you an illustrated booklet which fully explains the modern idea in house heating.

Branch and Sales Offices

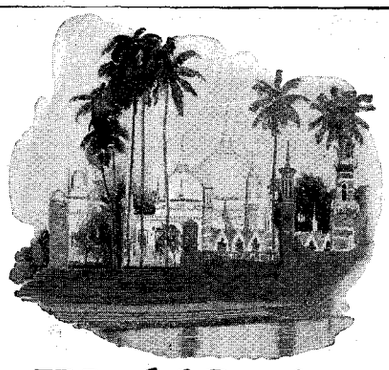
*Boston
*Springfield, Mass.
*Portland, Me.
*Providence, R. I.
New York
*Brooklyn
*Harrison, N. J.
*Philadelphia
*Baltimore
Buffalo
Pittsburgh
*Cleveland
*Columbus
*Cincinnati
*Detroit
*Chicago
*Milwaukee
*Indianapolis
*Louisville
*St. Paul
*St. Louis
*Kansas City
*Des Moines
*Omaha
*Denver
*Seattle
*Portland, Ore.

*Warehouse stocks carried at points indicated by star.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION
General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

Capitol Boilers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WorldCruises

Bring into your life strange peoples, gorgeous beauties, rare charm—a great adventure

Travel is a liberal education. Hawaii is beautiful beyond description. Japan promises delightful adventure. Great cities as modern as our own and strange customs that date back centuries.

Shanghai and Hongkong lead into crowded China. Wander through the interior or visit only the larger ports.

Malaya, Ceylon, India—all names that inspire famous story-tellers. They are colorful. Shop there for ivories, batiks, silks, precious stones—treasure-hunting days in quaint shops.

Egypt, the Holy Land, Italy and France are beyond.

One can make this *trip of all trips* in real comfort amid luxurious accommodations. Palatial President Liners circle the globe in 110 days with sailings every fortnight. You go all the way on Dollar Liners.

They are magnificent oil-burners, manned by a thoroughly trained personnel. An excellent cuisine and large, commodious rooms.

Yet the trip is not costly. You may go Round the World in first-cabin accommodations at a fare well within your means. This includes meals and berth aboard ship.

You visit 21 world ports with stopovers at each.

Plan now to go. Receive complete information. Delay no longer taking the one trip of keenest interest and truest value.

15 Moore Street, New York City
29 Nanking Rd., Shanghai
Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Bldg., Hongkong
24 Calle David, Manila
Hugh Mackenzie, G. P. A.
311 California Street, Department M 903
San Francisco, California

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE

arrests rather than look for them. If there were a State enforcement act, the policeman would go to his own court and proceed in the routine to which he is accustomed and unafraid of."

Mr. Davis estimated that there are, roughly speaking, about 25,000 police officers in New York State. Under a State enforcement law, he thinks that they would be of great help, operating in ways in which they "know the ropes." The Jenks-Wales Bill for State enforcement will pass both houses, Mr. Davis predicts, but will not be signed by Governor Alfred Smith. He believes that there is only a bare possibility of the Governor's signing the bill. His conclusion is that it will take about two years to get the law.

"Some of the State police are of help, and others are not," he said. Concerning the National situation, he is optimistic. "The President is determined to go down the line and get enforcement. With the Crampton Bill in operation, things will be much more efficient. That will eliminate political appointees, who are either inefficient or worse. Conditions are bad now. We have three men to deal with—Commissioner Haynes, Commissioner David H. Blair (of Internal Revenue), and the head of the Treasury Department. We must narrow down; localize responsibility and prevent 'passing the buck.' I think Mr. Warren will continue the present policy of elimination of the corrupt United States district attorneys."

HARTFORD is one of the driest cities in Connecticut, which on the whole is a wet State. There are only two States in the Union which have not yet ratified the Eighteenth Amendment. They are Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Hugh M. Alcorn, State's Attorney, is a most vigorous prosecutor, and he has succeeded in closing up Hartford as far as open drinking is concerned. A story is woven about his activity. It is said that, having as a boy seen at close hand the effects of alcoholism, he has grown up to hate liquor. To right what he conceives to be a wrong he gives himself to the full. The bootleggers fear and respect his ruthless activity.

For the stranger Hartford is dry. The bootleggers, however, solve the family problem, and there is a great deal of home drinking, I am told. The efficient prosecutor is after this too. A society bootlegger was recently arrested and a list of his clients was published. They were summoned to court amid much unpleasant notoriety.

Bridgeport is very wet. Whisky is plentiful at prices slightly above those of New York. The selling is quite open. New Britain and Waterbury are also wide open. Waterbury saloons run almost as in pre-prohibition days, and a new species of "club" (two flights up) sells liquor of uncertain quality to almost any visitor. In these clubs are coin slot gambling machines which are said to have an earning power of $50 each weekly and to be owned by the politicians. Druggists sell with or without prescriptions. A favorite local compound consists of rye whisky essence plus grain alcohol and synthetic gin. Flavoring extracts to which one adds alcohol are becoming very popular. "Imported" rye whisky sells for from $60 to $90 a case, while the local bootleggers offer their own make "Green Rye" for $20 a gallon.

In Danbury a close friend of mine visited one Sunday morning a bar which sold liquor openly, and he found that the bartender had gone to church.

New Haven is much stricter than Waterbury, and there is little open selling. Most of the liquor is brought in, and is said to come from Providence, but the extent of the traffic is small, I believe, in comparison with the easier-going cities. Even so, the last Yale-Harvard football game, which brought in thousands of visitors, was the scene of much open drinking while the spectators viewed the game in a drizzling rain.

MASSACHUSETTS is notoriously wet. In Boston the liquor traffic, from all indications, must be an enormous one. Prices are about twenty-five per cent higher than in New York, but the openness and extent of selling seem to be about as great.

FEDERAL Prohibition Director Murdock, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, says that local bootleggers have made more than $100,000,000 in the last few years. He is very pessimistic about the hopes of stopping their traffic, which is getting more and more intrenched all the time.

I found Philadelphia to be one of the wettest cities in the East. Liquor is plentiful at very cheap prices, and little or no attempt is made to cover up the selling. James P. Britt, general counsel to the Prohibition Unit, considers the Quaker City the great booze-distributing point of the East.

Liquor was served openly in the dining-room of one prominent downtown club that I visited. At another club this was not the case. The practice was discouraged, it is said, as a mark of respect to one of its members, Governor Pinchot. Drinking was not absent in this club, however. The locker-room took the place of the dining-room.

Together with my companion, who was wearing his clerical collar, I stepped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into a fashionable club in suburban Philadelphia to get warm by the fire. My companion had been there only a few times, but we were inside less than five minutes before the steward offered us any spirituous drink that we might choose.

This steward told us that the club rented out its ballroom nearly every night for society dances. "Before prohibition," he said, "I never had any trouble with rowdyism or misconduct at the dances, but that has changed now. It is a problem to keep order and to prevent an open scandal. My cleaning-women tell me that they find scores of empty bottles now in the ladies' retiring-rooms after every dance."

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

The New Barbarians

A Review by HENRY W. BUNN

THE object of this book[1] is the vindication of our fundamental institutions, our order of society (political, economic, and social), in face of deliberate efforts to subvert them and of movements and tendencies which, without necessary implication of such direct intention, make for weakening or subverting them. Obviously, the ideal method and manner of such an effort of vindication would be a calm, urbane, philosophic, and candid examination and appraisal of our institutions and order of society on the one hand, and of the opposing, challenging, or threatening doctrines, designs, movements, and tendencies on the other. Such a method should not only furnish a substantial vindication, but also (and even more important) should expose those defects which justify an insistent demand for correction and those imperfections and inadequacies which call for adaptations and enlargements answerable to the changes and developments of a willy-nilly changing world. The writer should not confound men and impersonal tendencies, and he should be careful to distinguish between tendencies that are controllable and those that are not. He should observe a Confucian delicacy in the matter of blame.

Such a method and manner Professor Abbott proposed to himself; but he has not quite made good. It is a great pity; for certain parts of the book create the feeling that the author had it in him to give us a really great study. I refer especially to his answer to the question, "What is the United States of America?" which is a synthetic statement of classic quality; to his discussion of the frequent conflict between the principle of liberty and the principle of equality; and to his definitions of the several categories of equality—"equality of opportunity," "equality of condition," etc. Why does not the book as a whole measure up to these excellencies? I think I discover the reason. It was, as I analyze it, written in a hurry, and much of it in a mood of excitement, probably induced by the hurry; whence repetition, lack of proportion, emphasis misplaced, slipshod writing, and much else unworthy of the author. Professor Abbott has philosophy; he has humor and a mordant wit; he has candor, the open mind—all the necessary qualities. But he allows himself to become excited. Now he "strikes alarum," and anon he assures us there is no danger. Worse yet, he becomes angry; and, upon anger supervening, humor, candor, and common sense take flight like ghosts at the third cock-crow. He lays about him; and, anger being blind, he thwacks the wrong parties.

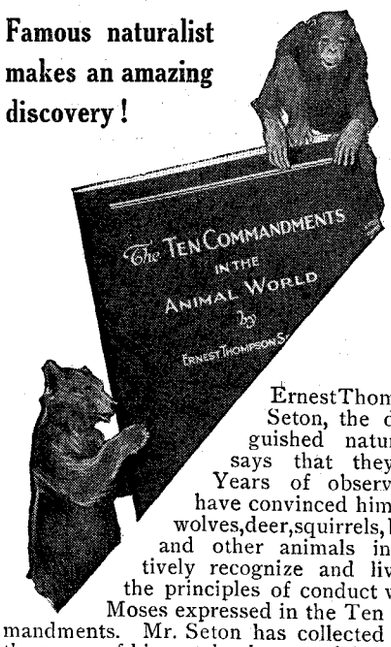
Let us agree with Professor Abbott in his wrath that most of the would-be subverters or challengers of our institutions, the advocates of proletarianism, or paternalistic bureaucracy, or what not, are immigrants from eastern or southeastern Europe or Asia Minor, many of them "but one generation—if that—removed from serfdom or even worse." Does it follow that these wretches deserve the thwackings of the Professor? By no means. The proper thwackees are we Nordics and our Nordic forebears, who encouraged unlimited immigration out of sheer cupidity, for the sake of cheap labor, in precisely the spirit of the Roman landlords who imported slaves on the grand scale.

Nor is it philosophic or scientific to

[1] The New Barbarians. By Wilbur C. Abbott. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

Do Animals Obey the Ten Commandments?

Famous naturalist makes an amazing discovery!



Ernest Thompson Seton, the distinguished naturalist, says that they do. Years of observation have convinced him that wolves, deer, squirrels, birds, and other animals instinctively recognize and live by the principles of conduct which Moses expressed in the Ten Commandments. Mr. Seton has collected from the pages of his notebooks actual instances in which animals showed by their actions that they were governed by the seven great "thou shalt nots" and the three great "thou shalts." And now these fascinating observations have been published in an absorbing little book which is full of meaning for everyone who believes that the whole creation is governed by an All-Wise Intelligence.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

A truly amazing disclosure! These remarkable observations come straight from the notebooks of this great pioneer naturalist and woodsman. A handsome volume, richly bound in dark green cloth and stamped in gold. Only a few introductory copies will be sold at this special price.

Mail This Coupon Now

Special Introductory Offer

ONLY $1.00

While they last

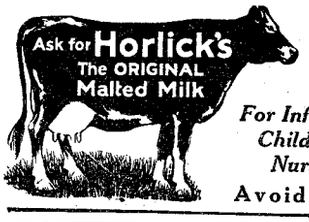
Doubleday, Page & Company, Dept. T. C. 183, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me a special introductory copy of "The Ten Commandments in the Animal World," by Ernest Thompson Seton. If remittance of one dollar is not enclosed herewith you may send the book C. O. D., plus a few cents postage.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....



Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers

Avoid Imitations

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Coughs and Throat Troubles Promptly Relieved

Contain nothing injurious.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.
H. F. Ritchie & Co. Inc., Sales Agents, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABINGDON

Two Hospitable Inns

Our minds entertain many guests—some worth the time we spend with them, others a wasteful, noisy, useless company. With an Abingdon book we have a guest sure to pay his reckoning—in the enjoyment and inspiration he leaves behind.

Abingdon books are always thoughtful and well-written.

THE POLITICAL AWAKENING OF THE EAST

Studies of Political Progress in Egypt, India, China, Japan and the Philippines

By George Matthew Dutcher

The political developments in the eastern lands are assuming increasing importance in the unfolding of world history. Professor Dutcher had the great advantage of personal observation in the countries of which his lectures treat. Price, net, $2.00, postpaid.

THE CURRICULUM OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

By George Herbert Betts

A compendious survey of religious education, indispensable to those who wish to gain an intelligent understanding of this important subject. It is, indeed, the only book covering this field. Price, net, $3.00; by mail, $3.30.

PRESENT TENDENCIES IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

By Albert C. Knudson

A masterful presentation of the tendencies of modern Christian thought—simple in outline, concise and careful in its development, fearless in its conclusions. Price, net, $2.00, postpaid.

PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

By Francis L. Strickland

In this series of studies Professor Strickland uses the principles of psychology in the analysis and interpretation of religious experience. He regards religious experience for the purpose of these studies as indicating "normal experience as it is found in Christianity." Price, net, $2.00, postpaid.

JESUS CHRIST AND THE HUMAN QUEST

By Edwin Lewis

A searching study of some of the deeper problems connected with the person of Christ, such as his birth, his atonement and kenotic theories of his nature. Price, net, $3.00, postpaid.

WISPS OF WILD FIRE

By F. W. Boreham

The author brings an atmosphere from the wide plains of Australia that grips one even as the plains themselves do. Uniqueness of thought, unexpected quips, and turns of expression make these essays delightful. Price, net, $1.75, postpaid.

Catalog of Abingdon Books will be sent, anywhere, free on request.

At the Better Bookshops

THE ABINGDON PRESS

New York Cincinnati

brand the immigrants of the Mediterranean or Alpine stocks, or even the Mongoloids, as inferior to the Nordics of the pioneer stock. Superficially they are very different, at least as they reach us from the old countries; and it may be that they are psychologically so fundamentally different that our institutions are not and cannot be agreeable or suitable to them. It may be that, whereas democracy (in our old American definition of the term) is the ticket for the pioneer and closely allied stocks, paternalism or some other horrid "ism" is the ticket for them. Until that question is definitely resolved it is proper narrowly to restrict immigration of the "questionable" stocks; but on the ground of possible unassimilability, not on the ground of inferiority. Professor Abbott's gibe about "serfdom" is both ungenerous and not to the point. Some races he will admit to be excellent have suffered serfdom; the Anglo-Saxon, for instance.

Well, here they are, these Mediterraneans and Alpines; not numerous enough to assimilate us Nordics, not numerous enough, unless allied with the Negroes and our many Nordic malcontents and fools, to destroy our institutions whether by legal or revolutionary means; but numerous enough, if not assimilated, to constitute a serious clog on our great experiment. Can they be assimilated? Professor Abbott seems to think they can. Most of us think so too, but we shall have to work hard, and we must not yield to the cupidinous clamor of the captains of industry for relaxing the immigration restrictions.

In his calmer moods Professor Abbott recognizes that our racial problem is quite subsidiary to the grand problem of industrialism, that the evils incident to industrialism are the main causes of the discontents peculiar to our present phase. Let us not forget that industrialism is peculiarly a Nordic creation. *Pace* the optimists, it is a very proper question whether it has not done more evil than good. It has immeasurably boosted "progress," so called; it has wonderfully stimulated scientific activity; it has incredibly multiplied the additaments of comfort. On the other hand, some of its by-products seem like to ruin us. It has caused population to increase by leaps and bounds; it has created the industrial proletariat, whose members behave much alike, whether Nordics, Mediterraneans, or Alpines, whose near-observation of the monstrous inequalities incident to the present phase and whose consciousness of the extreme precariousness of their tenure of occupation render them susceptible to the intrigues of the professional agitator and the specious eloquence of the demagogue. Britain is the classic example of industrialization, and I confess to sharing Dean Inge's misgivings as to Britain's future. The supersaturation of population momently, frightfully increases. Can Malthusian Nature be denied? And will not her holocaust be all the greater for the efforts of science and humanitarianism to balk her? British institutions have survived only by adaptation thereof to ineluctable changes.

Our institutions have been subjected to no such pressures. But so rapid is our rate of population increase that the condition of supersaturation is within the philosopher's range of vision. We still, however, have time to consider how we may control that Nordic monster industrialism, offset its peculiar evils, adapt our institutions to inevitable changes, forestall (if it is anywise possible) the threatened assumption of control by Malthusian Nature. Professor Abbott has offered some valuable considerations on this basic problem, but he has not concentrated on it sufficiently. He admits, for example, that our institutions must undergo considerable modifications, but is chary of suggestions. How to adapt them without compromising their essential virtues? How to preserve in full function that principle of "equality of opportunity" which is the very breath and finer spirit of those institutions, as against the pressure of the specious principle of "equality of condition"? No doubt the other books of the group whereof this is the introductory volume will expand the discussion. Let us hope the authors or editor will avoid the temptation of so sensational and foolish a title as "The New Barbarians."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

FICTION

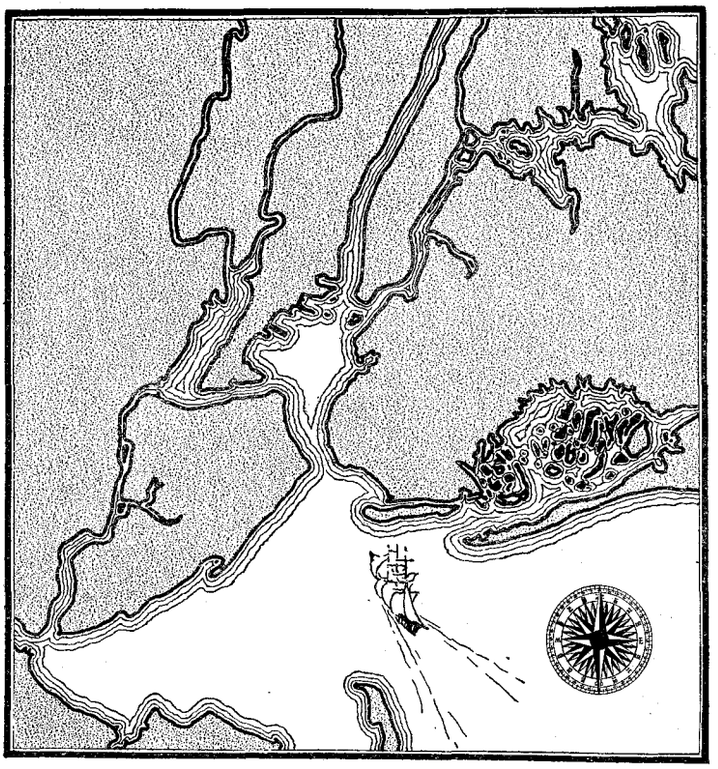
THE RECKLESS LADY. By Philip Gibbs. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

With all our admiration for Philip Gibbs the war correspondent, and all our respect for Sir Philip Gibbs the ardent reconstructionist, we have doubted Gibbs the novelist. His fiction has seemed the issue of a civil marriage between the art of a reporter and the zeal of a reformer. Some of us have thought him incapable of writing a real story. "The Reckless Lady" proves us wrong. Here are the sufficiently "real" people and the sufficiently firm action of a tale that deserves to be told for its own sake (and ours), instead of for the purpose of driving home some idea or moral.

Not that there is a dearth of ideas in these pages; you may draw your own moral out of a hatful of excellent morals. But you are not likely to think of them as separate or separable from the story; and that is one test of a good novel. This is an after-war story which partly emerges from the shadow of disillusion and uncertainty that has hitherto oppressed and well-nigh obsessed this writer. This has balance and quietude. Its all-round picture of after-war conditions among nice people on both sides of the Channel and both sides of the Pond is properly centered in the concrete drama of a few lives. The action moves from Monte Carlo to London, to an English country estate, and thence to New York and Grand Rapids, Michigan. The main person is Sylvia Fleming, an English girl with a clouded inheritance, a haphazard Continental upbringing, much natural charm, free manners, and a sound heart. Sylvia is a true if favorable portrait of the modern girl as she chiefly exists outside sophomoric fiction. But she is more than a type, she is a person; and so are most of the other characters in this book; less notably, perhaps, the denizens of Grand Rapids, Michigan, though this writer knows his America, speech and all, far better than most writing Englishmen do.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR. By Donald Douglas. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

This novel challenges acceptance or rejection. It is not the kind of thing that can be fairly well done, an acceptable product of talent. We must admire it or dismiss it, according as we feel in it or do not feel the creative presence of imagination, of genius. Some well-known reviewers accept it enthusiastically on this ground. They mention names like Dostoievsky, D. H. Lawrence; they find it not only passionate and terrible, but beautiful. Raymond Weaver says that



What place is this?

Can you recognize it? It is one of the best known places in the world. Millions of people enter it and leave it yearly. Thousands of ships use its harbor. Its name is continually in the newspapers.

From this bare shape you can probably tell that this is the harbor of New York. But what does this map, absolutely accurate as it is, mean to you? Very little, if anything! To be useful a map must be more than an exact picture of the contours of the earth. It must be able to give you at a glance whatever information you may need about a place—about its people—its history . . .

It is in the making of *useful maps* that RAND McNALLY & COMPANY are recognized as supreme. They can show you things about our world that you would never think to find expressed by maps.

Climatic conditions—historical maps—radio maps—commercial maps—mileage maps—city guides—automobile road maps—population maps—maps to show wealth, commerce, industry, crops, soil, markets. All these are printed by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY to answer every need of the business man, the scientist, the teacher, the traveler or the man who merely wishes to understand the news in his daily paper.

There is constant need of a RAND McNALLY Globe and Atlas in every home. Especially where there are children. You want RAND McNALLY products because they are invariably accurate—always up to the minute. Their infinite variety of maps, globes, atlases are always most reasonable in price. At all leading stationers.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Map Headquarters

Dept. Q-166

536 S. Clark Street, Chicago — 270 Madison Avenue, New York

Branches: Philadelphia . . . . . Washington . . . . . Pittsburgh
Cleveland . . . . . San Francisco . . . . . Los Angeles . . . . . Detroit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"An understandable and interesting contribution to the literature of our changing industrial epoch."
—THE NATION'S BUSINESS.

INDUSTRIAL OWNERSHIP

Its Economic and Social Significance

A new book by

ROBERT S. BROOKINGS

CAPITAL ⌃ THE PUBLIC
LABOR ⌃ MANAGEMENT

THE "labor problem" is now not a problem of Labor and Capital, but a problem of Labor and the Public. This is the conclusion to which Mr. Brookings comes in the course of a vivid discussion of the present-day state of industry.

Mr. Brookings amplifies this by a thorough discussion of the effect wide diffusion of ownership in recent years has had upon Labor. Management is no longer in the hands of Capital; and the stock is scattered among the Public, of which Labor is an important element.

This is no theorizing of a novice. For thirty years Mr. Brookings was actively and intimately associated with big business. He built big business—he managed big business.

Numerous tables and examples sustain the author's arguments throughout the book.

Price $1.25

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
New York Boston Atlanta
Chicago Dallas San Francisco

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

the world is "created anew each time an authentic artist is born," and that this book "has bodied forth a new world: a symphonic universe of resonant depths, of nightmare intensity."

Nightmare is the word; this is a long, involved, verbal nightmare with two or three separate thematic hallucinations. The whole effect is fugue-like rather than symphonic, if a nightmare may be either. The central *motif*, the thread on which the rest is strung, is the tyranny and treachery of love. More concretely, it is the emptiness of marriage. There are two men in it, both New Yorkers with names as Scotch as their author's. Neither has any "character," in the old-fashioned sense. Both are at the mercy of their greedy temperaments. Neither, on the plane of being which is here presented, is quite sane as the every-day world judges sanity. The story of Angus is secondary. John Graham's nightmare is based on the horrible incident of the first chapter. Being a man successful in business and happily mated, he hungers for change: "Why was I not taught that security breeds a very rage of insecurity and the desire of insecurity? Had I always sought insecurity I should now be secure." The short of it is that he finds his only thrill in visiting a brothel. One night he gets drunk there, commits an act of brutal violence, finds that it has had a witness, and the long nightmare begins. Did he really murder the woman? Was the witness in the dirty dressing-gown a being of flesh and blood, or a figment of remorse or fear? Towards the answer to these questions we painfully toil through chapter after chapter of hysteric horror and wild surmise; and there is no answer.

THIS MAD IDEAL. By Floyd Dell. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.

Mr. Dell has the prestige of the novelist who has succeeded in getting a book or two suppressed. "The Mad Ideal" will hardly win that form of advertising. For one thing, the standard of indecency is advancing so fast that it is almost hopeless for a man of Mr. Dell's age to keep up. Already he threatens to become quaint, with his ingenuous variations on much-worn themes—the folly and slavery of marriage, the sacred duty of being yourself in the sense of doing as you like; and so on. The Judith of this tale, like the youth in "The Moon-Calf" and the self-expressive Janet March, is very young, very bumptious, a little pathetic, and eminently spankable if you feel that she has enough substance to reward the effort. She is as real as most of the heroines of the novelists with "ideas;" as Sylvia Scarlett, for instance, or Ann Veronica. We have yet to behold the spectacle of a great imaginative artist creating woman in the image of man.

DRAG: A COMEDY. By William Dudley Pelley. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

In "Drag" we observe small-town Vermont with the steely-humorous eye recently reserved for the spectacle of "Midland" comedy. The East hath her Spoon Rivers and her Winesburgs, and had them ere the first adventurous Yank moved his household gods and his morals, public and private, across the Mississippi. Paris, Vermont, is a "twenty-dollar-a-week, picket-fence-and-hitching-post town" of some eleven thousand souls. To Paris one day comes a farm boy, David Haskell, an ambitious and talented youth who aspires to be a journalist. He is taken on experimentally by the editor of the local sheet, the "Telegraph." Away from his copy-paper he is a raw and apparently humorless innocent. As a reporter he shows at once a daring and satirical front which takes the "Telegraph" constituency by storm.

Then his career is spoiled by marriage to the wrong girl. The right girl is at hand, but David hasn't sense enough to see her. There is a third young female, who is neither right nor wrong, for him—an unreal sketch of a rustic wanton suddenly converted into a charming woman of the world. The "drag" of the title is the downward pull of the hard-boiled wife and her family. She has only married David to present him with the job of supporting her tribe. Among them, they pretty well do for him. Only after nine years of rather spineless servitude does our well-meaning David get physically angry enough to turn and rend his tormentors. Luckily the war is on, and he can enlist before second thoughts make a worm of him again. So he becomes an aviator (bronzed) and gets a divorce from the wrong woman, and has the future arranged with the right one, who is really a mighty nice girl and providentially without family.

Not a bad story, but too much dominated by the initial idea—Don't marry your wife's family. Not so novel!

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

TWO VAGABONDS IN THE BALKANS. By Jan and Cora Gordon. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $5.

We are glad to have seen this book. After looking at it and reading in it, we are forewarned. It is not the colored and black-and-white illustrations by the authors which have made us resolve never, never to visit Serbia and Bosnia. These are futuristic illustrations, and we know enough about such pictures to be sure that the country doesn't look exactly like the pictures. No country ever

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did, not even if visited by the plagues of Egypt. But from the text we have received a general impression of dirt, disease, and vermin. The authors seem to have had an unpleasant time. Still—this may be futuristic writing.

ALONG THE PYRENEES. By Paul Wilstach. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $4.

Like Gustave Nadaud's notorious peasant, although, unlike him, not yet *courbé par l'âge,"* Mr. Wilstach had never seen Carcassonne, and he approached the ancient city with "twofold elation." He discovered it directly in his path from Toulouse to the little city of Perpignan, near the Mediterranean, where he and his companion were to base their entrance into the Pyrenees. Soon thereafter he equaled the feat of the old man's son-in-law, who, it will be recalled, *did* see Perpignan.

Most of Mr. Wilstach's explorations, along and on both sides of the Pyrenees, avoided main-traveled roads. Biarritz, for instance, comes in for only brief mention at the end of the book. The same adventurous spirit that led him to Carcassonne took him fifty miles from his course to visit Andorra, the little republic which measures nineteen miles from east to west and fifteen miles from north to south. One of the privileges of living in Andorra, it seems, is that if an Andorran marries in France and lives there, he and his children for three generations are free from French military service. This is a book of uncommon freshness and variety, and notable as well for its beautiful halftone illustrations.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

MASTERS OF MODERN ART: Claude Monet. By Camille Mauclair. **Gauguin.** By Robert Rey. **Cézanne.** By Tristan L. Klingsor. **Renoir.** By François Fosca. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.75 per volume.

Excellent small books, translated into English by various hands. Each has a brief biography and estimate of the artist's work, followed by reproductions of the best of his pictures.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

THE SECRET OF THE EAST. By Oliver Huckel, S.T.D. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.50.

The book consists of lectures delivered by Dr. Huckel to fellow-passengers on a voyage to the Orient. Dr. Huckel is an erudite scholar in the comparative history of religions and a skillful interpreter thereof; and it is with the religions of the East that these lectures chiefly (though by no means altogether) deal. They were very good lectures indeed for their purposes—vivid, generous in attitude, conveying as much instruction as the audience would be likely to absorb;

When a Responsible Manufacturer or Jobber Lacks Ready Cash

HOW many times have you passed up a special lot of merchandise, "at a price," because you lacked ready cash? The special would have stimulated old customers, attracted new ones and increased your profits, but—you were tied up. There was more money than usual due from customers and less money than usual in bank.

The Finance Service Plan enables jobbers and manufacturers to meet just such situations.

We advance any amount, from $1,000 to $100,000 or more. You can use these funds to make spot cash purchases, to discount your bills, or for any other purpose. By discounting your accounts receivable or your daily shipments, you can obtain 77% of their value in immediate cash and the remaining 23%, less our service charge, when the accounts are paid.

Our charge is in direct proportion to your use of our service. You collect from your customers as usual, and your relations with your bank are not disturbed.

Write today for full particulars about the Finance Service Plan

FINANCE SERVICE COMPANY

Capital and Surplus $1,750,000

American Building - Baltimore, Maryland

Commercial Banking Service for Manufacturers and Jobbers

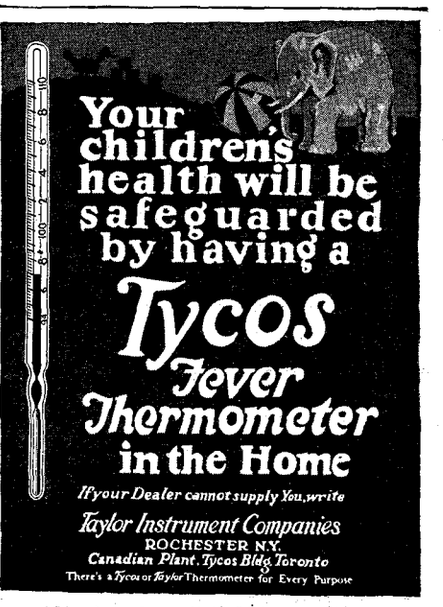
Travel, but not in Circles

It's all right to circle the globe, but not to run around in circles doing it. Have the Travel Bureau straighten the winding way for you before you start, and you'll have plain sailing and a peaceful mind.

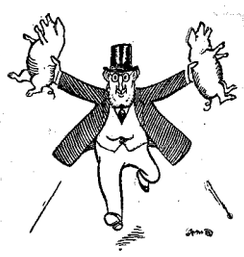
Inquire about routes and rates, hotels and places-not-to-miss.

At your service without charge.

Hotel and Travel Bureau
The Outlook Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City


Your children's health will be safeguarded by having a
Tycos
Fever Thermometer
in the Home
If your Dealer cannot supply You, write
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.
Canadian Plant, Tycos Bldg, Toronto
There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE COMPLETE LIMERICK BOOK

Edited by Langford Reed

Here they are, in all their forms, from the days of Lear right down to date. Limericks by the great and by the unknown. With pictures by Bateman. $2.00

LIVES AND TIMES

By Meade Minnigerode

Old Colonial days are rebuilt for us in all their picturesque charm in this story of four interesting personalities of the time. Illustrated. $3.50

WITH PENCIL, BRUSH, AND CHISEL

By Emil Fuchs

Many brilliant people of today figure in these memories of the distinguished artist. "The book is worth its space in any library for its beautiful illustrations in various fields of contemporary art."—*New York Telegraph.* $7.50

At All Booksellers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

2 West 45th Street New York

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS

When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

The School Favorite

America's most popular pen for school use is Esterbrook Pen No. 556. Suitable for all school grades, this pen is also widely used in business offices.

Esterbrook pens are fashioned of steel as fine as that in the mainspring of a watch, and made by the oldest manufacturer of steel pens in America.

Upon receipt of 15 cents, we will mail you the world's 12 most popular pens, and a booklet of 100 famous signatures

Address Department O

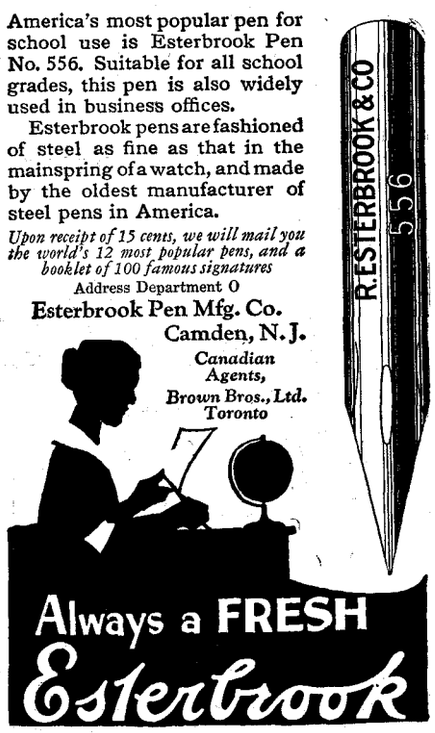
Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.

Camden, N. J.

Canadian Agents,

Brown Bros., Ltd.

Toronto



but precisely because they were good lectures they are not really good literature. The writer may achieve the same popularity as the lecturer with far less necessity of superficiality.

In the Book Table, March 11, reference is made to the limerick about Mr. Beecher, attributed by the author of the book under review to Oliver Wendell Holmes. Since writing that review I have been shown an allusion to this subject in Edward P. Mitchell's "Memoirs of an Editor." Mr. Mitchell knew the man who wrote the limerick: Alphonso Ross, managing editor of the Boston "Advertiser." E. L. P.

The Mail Bag

The Super-Power of Religion

I CANNOT resist applause for the article appearing in the February 4 issue of The Outlook from the master pen of Kenneth I. Brown.

There is no substitute for the word "religion." Mr. Brown strips its definition of all doubts and questions. He casts aside tradition and science as being unnecessary for its practical application. He unlocks the storehouse containing the gigantic power of religion. He sets free for the use of the universe this mighty power and prescribes a simple, practical means for its use.

What a most astounding impetus religion would receive if his clear-cut views of practical application could be printed in every language of the globe and spread broadcast throughout the universe! If his thoughts could penetrate the minds of all prelates, priests, and ministers and they would adopt the view-point that religion is a standard of every-day life measured by the life of Christ!

Religion becomes tangible in this simple form. The old, the young, the philosopher, the fool, the barbarian, and the Christian will have a common standard under which they can carry on the progress of religion, and its practice will satisfy the craving of every nature for knowledge of what is termed "salvation" to-day. H. R. FAHNESTOCK.

Peoria, Illinois.

What Kind of Religion?

THE article by Kenneth Irving Brown in The Outlook of January 7 interested me. One incident, however, raised some doubt about the religious value of this house party. Mr. Brown writes: "One young law student said: 'I am in no sense conscious of sin. I came through the custom offices a while ago and undervalued my luggage. It seemed to me a good trick, and I still admire it. Is something wrong with me?'"

No attempt was made in the open group to answer his question, but all "admired his candor." This young law student deliberately lied to the custom officers and cheated his Government. He is studying law, and as a lawyer will have to swear to uphold the laws of his country. In his present state of mind, how much value will his oath have? May he not think it a "good trick" to violate it? But stranger yet is the fact that nobody in the open group seems to have had either the discrimination or the moral courage to condemn the law student's act. On the contrary, Mr. Brown says "they admired his candor." This seems to have been the principal reaction upon the part of the open group to the law student's falsehood and cheating. What kind of a moral standard must characterize a group which listens to an incident of falsehood and cheating, and simply "admires the candor" of the one who was responsible?

JOHN SPENCER CAMP.

Hartford, Connecticut.

The Motion-Picture Problem

"WHY do you make such pictures as those two?" the production manager of Players-Lasky was asked.

"We make what people want."

"How do you *know* what people want?"

"We keep an accurate box-office record of the attendance at every picture in every place, and of all comments made to the management."

This is, in effect, true of every picture. Though you walk out in protest, your admission fee has cast a vote in favor. Apparently, then, the only way for the public to get the kind of films it really wants is to cast a discriminating vote.

To help in this difficulty, a unique social-welfare work is being done in New York by two hundred and fifty earnest and able volunteers known as the National Board of Review. In alternating committees they preview practically all releases, and issue monthly and weekly lists of classified information. The work is done so efficiently that it has won confidence on all sides, and proves invaluable to any one desiring disinterested

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

advance information concerning motion pictures. Any city can make available to its public, weekly, these reports for its own local bookings.

The services of the Board are given; and the lists are obtainable for a nominal sum from its headquarters, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

RENA S. BURNHAM.

Better Films Committee,
Schenectady, New York.

Contributors' Gallery

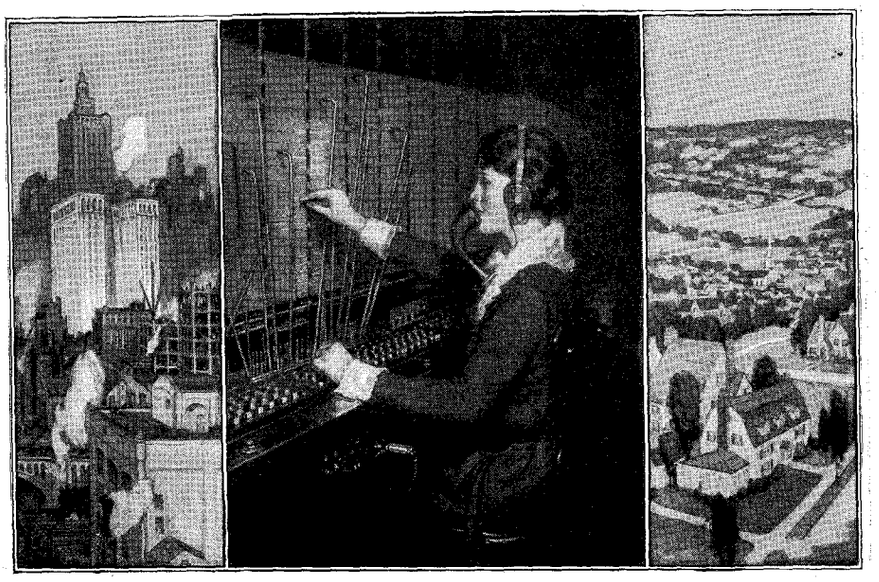
IN this issue of The Outlook there is a feature new to its pages. For many years The Outlook has published reviews of the most recent books; now it begins a section reviewing the latest productions in the field of music records. America is more and more becoming a musical nation. The phonograph, the player piano, and the radio have educated thousands of people to the delights of fine music. The Outlook would welcome comment from its readers on its musical reviews. Tell us whether you regard them as a real service to music lovers. Tell us the type of music that you want our music reviewer to comment upon. This new department will be published until further notice in the first issue of each month.

LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT, who conducts our department of reviews of music records, is a recent graduate of Harvard, having received his bachelor's degree with Distinction in Music.

EDWARD EYRE HUNT is now living in Washington, engaged, among other things, in writing two books. He has been active in three great Government investigations: he was in 1922 the secretary of the United States Coal Commission; in 1921 the secretary of the Conference on Unemployment; and in 1920 a member of the Committee on Elimination of Waste in Industry.

C. LEWIS HIND, a former correspondent of the "International Interpreter," is contributing to The Outlook an occasional "London Literary Letter." Mr. Hind is a well-known English critic of art and literature.

HENRY W. BUNN, whose review of "The New Barbarians" appears in this week's Book Table, is a retired artillery officer of the United States Army. He has for many years made an intensive study of European politics and has contributed on this and other subjects to various newspapers and magazines.



At Your Service

The courteous girl at the switchboard speaks the first word in more than two million conversations an hour. Presiding day and night at the busy intersections of speech, she is always at the call of the nation's homes, farms and offices.

Out of sight, and most of the time out of hearing of the subscribers, little is known of the switchboard girl—of her training and supervision under careful teachers, and of her swift and skilful work. Likewise, little is known of the engineering problems necessary to bring the terminals of fifteen million telephones within the reach of a girl's arm, or of the ceaseless work of maintenance which in fair weather and storm keeps the mechanism fit and the wires open.

America's millions of people must have at their command means of direct and instant communication, and the Bell System must ever be in tune with the demands of national service.

These are the components of America's system of telephony: The best of engineering, of manufacture, of facilities—and a personnel trained and eager to serve.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

The Pratt Teachers Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt. Mgr.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

You Can Manage a Tea Room
Fortunes are being made in Tea Rooms, Motor Inns, and Coffee Shops everywhere. You can open one in your own home—and make money hand over fist, or manage one already going. Big salaries paid to trained managers; shortage acute. We teach you entire business in your spare time. Write for Free Book "Pouring Tea For Profit." LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE, Dept. L5828, Washington, D. C.

THE VARICK SCHOOL FOR EIGHT CHILDREN
East Orange, N. J.
A happy home and individual development offered each child. Resident girls. Country in summer.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

STUDY NURSING

Join the world's noblest profession for women.

New class forming May, 1925. Three year course. All expenses and liberal allowance. A Registered training school for nurses, adjacent to New York City.

CHRIST HOSPITAL, 176 Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

BOYS' CAMPS

CAMP ALGONQUIN, Asquam Lake, N. H.
In the foothills of the White Mountains. Oldest existing boys' camp. For boys who love nature and a wholesome, active, outdoor life. The camp builds and strengthens the character, the body and the mind. 37th year. Circular. EDWIN DEMERITTE, Director, 1404 Raleigh Ave., Norfolk, Virginia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comfort for tired feet!

WORK—pleasure—duty—all bring extra hours upon the feet.

The suffering—even torture—need last no longer than it takes to get within reach of Absorbine, Jr.

A few drops—in a warm foot bath—or afterwards applied directly to the feet, quickly stops the throbbing ache—and as swiftly brings relief.

To bed—not with burning, thoroughly uncomfortable feet—but soothed, cooled and comforted. Off, in the morning, with feet fit and willing to meet the demands of another day.

There are other uses for Absorbine, Jr.—keep it handy for emergencies.

At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Raymond - Whitcomb
CRUISES
ROUND the WORLD
From New York, Oct. 10, 1925
From Los Angeles, Oct. 25
From San Francisco, Oct. 27
Most complete of world cruises—Japan, China, India, Java, Egypt, &c.; also Australia—never before cruised to. Brand-new Cunarder "Carinthia". $2,000 up 143 days

Summer Cruise to the
MEDITERRANEAN
Finest route ever planned. 30 cities in 13 countries—Rome, Venice, Naples, Athens, Cairo, &c. 53 days (New York-Cherbourg). 20,000-ton "Oronsay"—June 27, $675 & up.

From New York, June 30 for the
MIDNIGHT SUN
Iceland, Norway's Fjords, Sweden, Denmark, Holland. 37 days. Cunarder "Franconia"-$725 up.

SUMMER TOURS—*Europe, Alaska, National Parks, &c.—"Individual Travel Service" Abroad & at home.*

Send for booklets and "Guides"
Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
Executive Offices
Park St. cor. Beacon, Boston
New York Philadelphia
Chicago
San Francisco Los Angeles

Masters of Music

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

"AND our host genially concluded that the most blessed inventions of man were Scotch whisky, printing, sheep-dip, automobiles, and gramophones. In the cozy warmth of his home in Patagonia we listened to Caruso and Kreisler, the Flonzaley Quartette, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra." In this fashion ends a recent article by William Gresser in the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin," and we think it a very good beginning for an explanation of the whys and wherefores of this section. Phonograph records and piano rolls have long been thought beneath the level of things artistic. Yet they are a growing influence on American musical appreciation. Many of them are decidedly worth listening to. They are becoming so firmly intrenched as a part of our musical life that they may be classified with books, plays, and movies as being worthy of some form of comment.

Phonograph Records

BARBERINI'S MINUET (H. Bauer); **MOTLEY** and **FLOURISH** (H. Bauer). Played by Harold Bauer. Victor.

The minuet is a charming bit of composition. The freshness of the eighteenth-century style is wrapped in a cloak of many colors. Altogether a piano composition to be enthusiastic about. The "Motley" and "Flourish" are interesting, but suffer by comparison with the other. The recording, too, does not seem as successful as in the minuet.

THE FIRE BIRD (Igor Stravinsky). Played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Stokowski. Victor.

Close upon the coming of Mr. Stravinsky to this country and the wave of popular interest he has aroused comes the recording of this suite in two double-faced records. It is not the most daring and dissonant composition that this unconventional Russian has produced. But it seems to be the most organic, and perhaps the most enduring, of anything he has written so far. The recording of the suite is a really fine piece of work. The music is sometimes weird and barbaric, sometimes restrained and full of melody. Throughout it is stimulating. From the ominous theme for 'cellos and double-basses with which the suite opens, through brilliant string passages and wistful oboe melodies, to the clash of brasses at the end it holds the interest keenly. It can bear repeating. It also brings the mind to wonder whether Stravinsky's music may not be most effective on the phonograph. His harmonic effects seem somehow more convincing there than on the concert stage.

SYMPHONY NO. 2, THIRD MOVEMENT (Brahms); **FINLANDIA** (Sibelius). Played by the Cleveland Orchestra, conducted by Sokoloff. Brunswick.

For any one who says that Brahms is not cheerful, romantic, and tuneful this movement from what has been called his "Spring" symphony is a convincing argument to the contrary. It is played by the Clevelanders with warmth and feeling. The ever-popular, highly dramatic symphonic poem "Finlandia," on the reverse side, is more for the pleasure of the moment; but it is thrillingly played, with many shrill effects in orchestration. Both numbers are clearly recorded and interestingly performed.

BORIS GODOUNOW (Moussorgsky)—**Pimen's Monologue; Monologue, I Have Obtained the Power.** Sung by Feodor Chaliapin. Victor.

Here are two numbers from Moussorgsky's operatic masterpiece—the musings of the old monk Pimen and the majestic and terrible monody of Boris himself. This is Chaliapin in his element, carrying the solos through in a wave of magnificence. It is a pity that the effective melancholy reiteration of the accompaniment in Pimen's monologue does not come out true on the phonograph. It gives one an uneasy feeling that the orchestra tuned up a little carelessly.

LA BOHÈME—Mi Chiamano Mimi (Puccini); **ANDREA CHENIER—La Mamma Morta** (Giordano). Sung by Elisabeth Rethberg. Brunswick.

Both numbers are sung simply and quite effectively. This is what we think of whenever we hear Italian opera mentioned—fine sweep of melody, tinged with a bit of the emotional.

HEBREW DANCE (Achron); **HABAÑERA** (Sarasate). Played by Jascha Heifetz. Victor.

Both selections are dances that require all the technique of a Heifetz or equivalent. The Hebrew dance is unusual and interesting, and includes a wide variety of moods; the Spanish dance is more ordinary. In both Heifetz gives us not only the pyrotechnics for which he is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

justly famed but passages of fire and feeling.

Piano Rolls

SYMPHONIC STUDIES (Schumann). Played by Percy Grainger. Duo-Art.

It sounds thoroughly trite to call a work by Schumann "very Schumannesque." And yet there seems to be no other way to describe as well the injection of musical personality into a composition. Ponderous, masculine, whimsical. Grainger has caught the spirit of the composer in vital rhythms and thundering passages; everywhere is he responsive to the varying moods of the piece. In short, Percy Grainger playing Schumann is a happy combination, here particularly.

LE COQ D'OR SELECTION—Introduction, Astrologer's Song, Hymn to the Sun, Dances Act II, Conclusion (Rimsky-Korsakoff). Played by Arthur Rubinstein. Duo-Art.

There is something continually stimulating about the weird and exotic music of the Russian Rimsky-Korsakoff. The selection played by Rubinstein starts very simply, works up to the Oriental melodic runs of the "Hymn to the Sun," bursts into a heavy, full-chorded dance with ponderous bass, and from a climax and downward scale passage dies down to a somber ending. It manages to transport the hearers into the atmosphere of "Le Coq d'Or."

ÉTUDE IN F SHARP MAJOR (Stravinsky). Played by Alexander Brailowsky. Ampico.

Stravinsky is not always immersed in the harsh, dissonant strangeness of a "Sacre du Printemps." Here is quite the opposite. Far from being strong and bitter, this is a light, airy piece of not much greatness, but charm and sprightliness. It is played with a spirit of abandon that makes it quite delightful.

NOCTURNE IN E FLAT MAJOR (Chopin). Played by Alexander Brailowsky. Ampico.

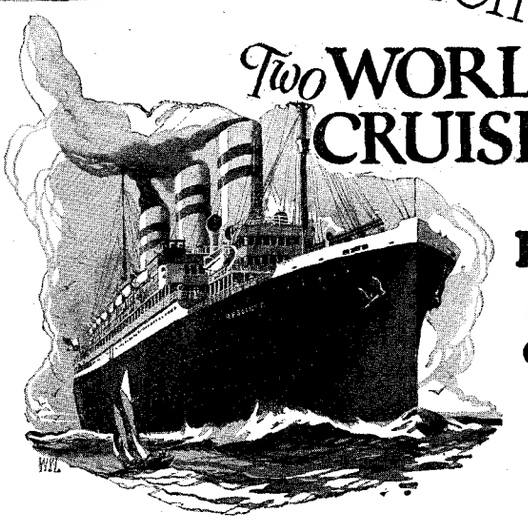
A piece of quiet and repose played very simply. But Brailowsky seems to be a little too frequent or not smooth enough in his retards. At any rate, the performance has a slightly halting effect.

FASCINATING RHYTHM (Gershwin). Played by Freddie Rich. Duo-Art.

It is usually almost impossible to find anything to review in a piece of dance music; each one is so like every other in performance, often in composition, that there is nothing to say about even something quite excellent. Here is a tune, however, that struck me as being different. It is from the pen of George Gershwin, who surprised the musical world by showing a flash of real genius in his "Rhapsody in Blue" not so long ago. The performer has added some interesting harmonic devices.

Announcing

Two WORLD CRUISES



S.S. **Resolute**

Queen of Cruising Steamships

Oct. 24, '25 *from* NEW YORK

Feb. 9, '26 *from* SAN FRANCISCO

This 20,000-ton oil burner is especially adapted for cruising service. Wide decks, terrace cafe, conservatory, gymnasium, swimming pool, lounges—all promote the gala spirit of a yachting party.

Management

The management and personnel, experienced both in Trans-Atlantic and Cruise service, have operated this ship on many previous Cruises. Back of them is a trained organization—to serve your needs afloat and ashore.

Itinerary

Madeira—Gibraltar—Algeria (Eastward)—Riviera (Westward)—Italy—Egypt—India—Ceylon—Burma—Straits Settlements—Java—Borneo—Philippines—China—Japan—Hawaii. Duration: 3½ months.

Rates from **$1500** up

including shore excursions. *Full details of cruise, itinerary and rates on receipt of your letter or wire.*

Cruises to West Indies next winter by S.S. *Reliance*.

UNITED AMERICAN LINES

HARRIMAN LINE

35-39 Broadway, New York; 131 State St., Boston; 230 South 15th St., Philadelphia; 177 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 574 Market St., San Francisco; 87 St. James St., Montreal; or local agents.

Across the Atlantic The United American Lines operate a joint service with Hamburg American Line to France, England and Germany, on the *de luxe* steamers RESOLUTE, RELIANCE, ALBERT BALLIN, and DEUTSCHLAND, and *cabin* steamers CLEVELAND, THURINGIA, WESTPHALIA, and MOUNT CLAY. *Send for schedule.*

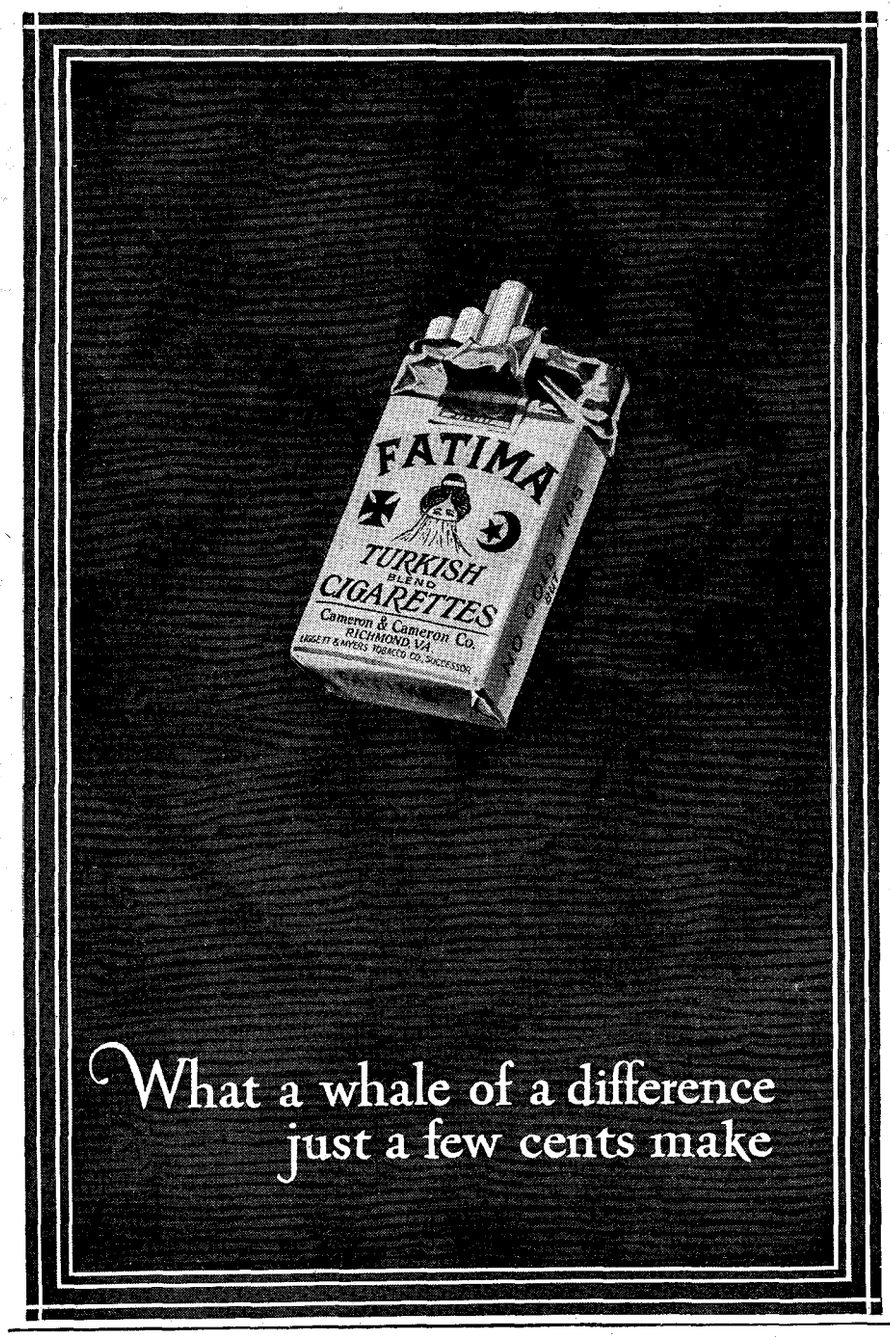
WHEN your mind turns to travel, to hotels, to new property, to the unusual gift or home luxury—then let your eyes turn to The Outlook's Classified Advertising Section. There are helpful suggestions of all sorts grouped for your convenience.

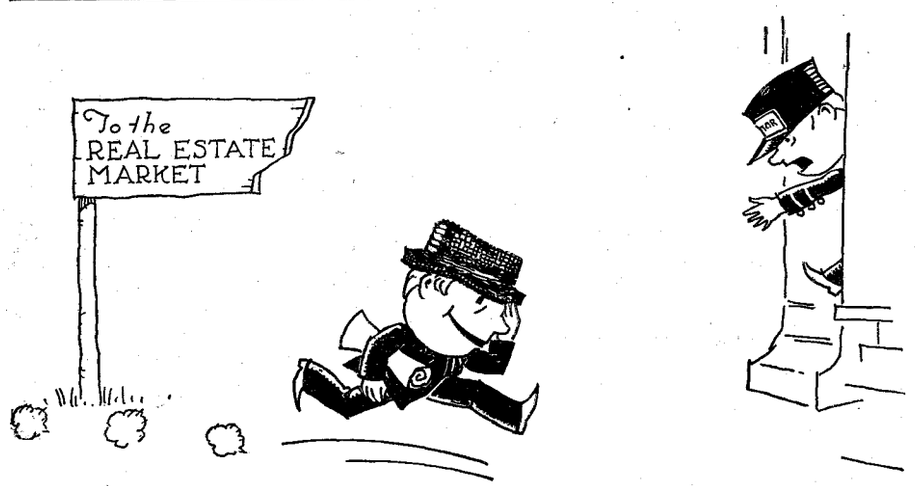
And if you've something to advertise, it will be quite as convenient and really resultful.

Ask us anything about it—rates, specifications, etc.

Classified Advertising Section, The Outlook, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Via the Special Real Estate Numbers—March 25, April 22, May 20

Write for Information

Department of Classified Advertising, The Outlook, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

By the Way

CROSS-WORD puzzle enthusiasts using the Pennsylvania Railroad dining cars, according to the "Railway Age," will be afforded an opportunity to enjoy their favorite mental stimulant along with their meals by means of a cross-word puzzle of 303 squares and 183 vertical and horizontal combinations which will be presented on the menus during that period. Several weeks ago the Pennsylvania recognized the needs of cross-word puzzle fans by placing copies of Webster's Dictionary and of a compilation of 100,000 synonyms in club and observation cars of the "Broadway Limited" and other leading through main line trains.

It is reported that Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, likes to tell stories on himself—about his thrift, as he calls it. In Australia he was stopping in a hotel, and had put his shoes outside his room door to be shined. A man passed the next morning, found the boy shining the shoes at the door, and asked him why he didn't take them downstairs and do it, as he did all the others. The boy said: "I can't take them down; they are Harry Lauder's, and he is holding the strings under the door."

A reader from Baltimore, Maryland, sends us the following curious inscription from a tombstone in the old cemetery in Kensington, New Hampshire:

Serene and calm the mind at peace
His virtues shone with mild increase
In memory of
Benjamin Rowe Esq.
Who after a life of great usefulness
& patiently ending 4 years illness
with a Dropsy (underwent the Operation
of Tapping 67 times, from his Body
was drawn 2385 Pounds of Water)
quietly Departed this life the 28 Day
of March Anno Domini 1790 in
the 71st Year of his Age.

Many readers of By the Way proved themselves smarter than we thought they were by sending in the correct answer to the rhymed puzzle we printed in this column several weeks ago. Here is another and a harder one. The missing words are composed of the same four letters in different combinations.

A —— old woman, with —— intent,
Put on her —— and away she went.
"Oh, ——," she cried, "give me, I pray,
The wherewithal to —— to-day."

The Dropping of an H

The new Vice-President directed the reading of the proclamation by the Chief Executive calling the Senate into special session at noon and then began the administration of the oats to Senators elected last November.—*Buffalo Express.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION
INCLUDING
HOTELS TRAVEL

Classifications to meet the requirements of travelers and stay-at-homes, buyers and sellers, employees and employers
Rates on request.

Tours and Travel

To Europe

Be Sure You Get Our Booklet "How to See Europe at Moderate Cost" Before Deciding on Your European Trip

LONDON—Naples—Rome—Paris—Florence—Pompeii—Versailles—An unusual opportunity for you to see Europe at moderate cost. You can take a 30-day tour for only $470—less than you could travel on at home. Longer tours up to $1195. Gates Tours are planned and managed by skilled experts with over 30 years of successful experience in giving their patrons comfort and convenience combined with economy.

FREE BOOKLET *"How to see Europe at moderate cost."*

Gates Tours, Dept. L-7, 225-5th Ave., N.Y.
Please send me your free Booklet.

EUROPE 1925

Shakespeare Country, Dutch Canals, French battlefields, Alpine mountain tops, Swiss and Italian Lakes, the Rhine—Art, History, Literature—comfortable travel, moderate prices, wonderful sightseeing programs with best guides. Our new booklet is ready.

TEMPLE TOURS
441-A Park Square Bldg. Boston

TOURS and CRUISES

Are you planning for a tour to Europe next summer or interested in a winter cruise? Would you appreciate the advice of experienced traveler, representing impartially all companies? *Write*

Dr. H. W. DUNNING, Brookline, Mass.

Europe and Mediterranean 27th year
Twelve countries and their capitals
Select tour—June 27 to Sept. 7—Naples to Edinburgh (including Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Monte Carlo)—$945; also with Africa (Tunis, Carthage), Sicily—$995. Other tours.
Johnson Tours, 210 E. Preston St., Baltimore, Md.

MINISTERS, PROFESSORS, TEACHERS
Do you wish to earn a trip to Europe by organizing a party of five? Tours $675 to $2,000.
BABCOCK'S TOURS, Inc.
Established 1900
136 Prospect St., East Orange, N.J.

Europe Next Summer? Splendid itineraries and first-class hotels. Sailings June 13–27 and July 3. Send for folder.
The Clark Son Tours, Venice, Cal., or 1418 W. Huron St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Europe via Mediterranean 12th year. June to Sept. 70 days. Naples to Glasgow. $1,020. Small party. Miss HAWLEY, Newhall St., Malden, Mass.

ITALY IN MAY

Six weeks' tour in Italy at the ideal season. Party sails from New York April 14, arrives Naples April 30. Stops made at the Azores and Lisbon. First-class travel.

Extension to Switzerland, France and England if desired.

Also Summer Tour Plans ready.

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
JAPANESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information

Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5–6 in cities and popular resorts, $4–5 in the country

---

SUMMER CRUISE

To Western Mediterranean and Norway. A 53-day itinerary of great charm by a specially chartered great liner; $550 up, including hotels, drives, guides, fees.

A NORTH CAPE TOUR

May 9 from New York for 62 days, but later sailings shortening the tour can be arranged.

F. C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

EUROPE Sailing June 19 and 26 from Montreal, July 2 from New York. England, Holland, Belgium, Rhine, Switzerland, Italy (incl. Naples), Riviera and France. **$775**
MENTOR TOURS 310 S. Michigan Blvd. CHICAGO

EUROPEAN MOTOR TOUR

Party of 5 with experienced chaperon, motorist, linguist, familiar with Europe, northern Africa, Egypt. Sailing June. Inclusive terms for 2, 3, 5 months. Full particulars on application. References (also required) to former patrons. Address 3,213, Outlook.

EUROPE [Study Travel] 1925
Small parties. Low rates. Select service. Popular Summer Tours, $695—$890. French and Spanish Study Tours, $530 & $695.
STRATFORD TOURS, 452 Fifth Ave., New York

---

58 days, Holland, Belgium, France, (châteaux by auto), **Switzerland, London.** $860 or $985, according to berth. NELSON B. CHESTER, 64 W. 92d St., New York.

Unusual opportunity for young women to travel in Europe this summer. One French leader. Extensive study of French life. Directors endorsed by schools. 3,199, Outlook.

Hotels and Resorts

New York

HURRICANE LODGE and Cottages
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
Hurricane, Essex Co., N. Y.

Comfortable, homelike. Altitude 1,800 feet. Extensive verandas overlooking Keene Valley. Trout fishing. Camping. Swimming pool. Golf links; mile course 9 well-kept greens. Tennis and croquet. Fresh vegetables. Fine dairy. Furnished cottages, all improvements. Separate suites and single rooms. Open from June 10 to Oct. 1. For further information address until May 1 K. BELKNAP, 776 James St., Syracuse, N. Y. After that date, Hurricane Lodge, Hurricane, Essex Co., N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS, The CRATER CLUB, Essex-on-Lake-Champlain. Cottages with central club house where meals are served. References required. For circular or information address JOHN B. BURNHAM, 233 Broadway, New York City.

New York City

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

Maine

THE BEECHES, PARIS HILL, MAINE. For delicate, convalescent, or elderly ladies. Beautiful view. Large, comfortable rooms, bountiful home table. Near-by country club. Massage and electricity if desired. Nurse and resident physician. Opens June 1. Address until May 15 Blanche Dennes, M.D., Station B, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Maryland

VISIT the U. S. Naval Academy and quaint old Annapolis. Carvel Hall offers you the charm of a real Colonial Southern mansion and the comforts of a modern hotel.
Write for reservations.

Carvel Hall
Annapolis Maryland

Alaska

SUMMER in ALASKA
Twin Glacier Camp offers modern comforts and conveniences surrounded by *five* superb glaciers. Magnificent scenery. Unsurpassed trout fishing and big game hunting. Safely conducted camping, cruising and sight-seeing trips under expert guidance.
Ask for circular.
The Taku River Co. Juneau, Alaska

Wyoming

VACATION ON A STOCK RANCH
(SIXTEEN-BAR-ONE)
16-1 TRAPPER LODGE
Horseback riding, fishing, tennis; detached sleeping lodges. Our garden and dairy herd supply our table. A complete *Mountain-top-Camp* maintained in connection. For reservations write W. H. WYMAN & SON, Shell, Big Horn County, Wyoming.

Real Estate

SEASHORE HOMES IN NEW ENGLAND
NORTH and SOUTH SHORES of MASSACHUSETTS, CAPE COD—and CAMDEN, MAINE
For Sale and Summer Rental
Booklet of Listings Sent on Request
HENRY W. SAVAGE, Inc.
10 State St., Boston, Mass. Est. 1840
SECURE YOUR SUMMER HOME NOW

Maine

PEMAQUID HARBOR, Maine Coast. Furnished seashore cottages for rent, with or without bath. EVA WHITEHOUSE, 149 West Tremont Ave., Apt. 5K, New York.

Summer Home or Farm Lake and mountain view. 25 acres, house, barn, some stock and tools. $2,500. MAINE LAKES & COAST CO., Portland, Maine.

RANGELEY LAKES—Bungalow to let
Living-room 14x30, fireplace, 6 bedrooms, bath, hot and cold water, 3 piazzas, garage, beach. MAINE LAKES & COAST CO., Portland, Maine.

Seashore Cottage Rent for season 6 rooms, bath, hot and cold water, electric lights; fully furnished. S. W. LITTELL, 138 S. Main St., Rockland, Me.

Massachusetts

CAPE COD Ocean-Front Bungalows Moderate Rents
S. O. BALL, 1895 University Ave., N. Y. C. Telephone Raymond 2582.

Rhode Island

Watch Hill, R.I. Attractively furnished bungalow, large lot, overlooking ocean, adjoining golf course. Refined environment. Modern conveniences. 4 bedrooms, living-room, kitchen, garage. Photograph and particulars. H. C. BUCK, Hartford, Conn.

New York

COTTAGE in Adirondack Mts.
Furnished, 6 rooms, bath, hot and cold running water, electric lights, porches, garage, shade. Central for touring, Jersey milk, fresh vegetables, ice. $275 for season. Smaller cottage, $200. A. WARD, Box 1372, Orlando, Fla.

FOR SALE
IN ROCKLAND COUNTY, N. Y.
Fine old Dutch Colonial house. 10 rooms, 3 fireplaces, modern conveniences, with or without land. Inquire of owner, 3,221, Outlook.

Pennsylvania

For Sale at Pocono Manor, Pa.
three hours from New York on D. L. & W., **summer cottage,** beautifully situated, five minutes' walk to inn, or golf course. Nine bedrooms, two bathrooms, large living-room, dining-room, and kitchen. First-class condition and completely furnished. Apply to E. A. HOOPES, Pocono Manor, Pa.

Property Wanted

Maine Cottage Wanted
Wanted to rent cottage on Maine coast for summer 1925. Write full particulars, Box H, Haverford, Pa.

WANTED TO RENT, by Eastern man and family of 8, from July 10 until September 15, **PRIVATE RANCH** away from automobiles and other tourist travel, ranch owner to furnish cook and help, riding horses, etc. Must be in good fishing locality. Reference required and given in exchange. 2,090, Outlook.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apartments

FOR RENT Parlor and basement floors with bath
Electricity. Private house. Enclosed garden porch. $75 monthly. 468 East 134th St., New York City. Inspection week-day evenings, Monday to Friday inclusive. 3,217, Outlook.

Instruction

Opportunity to become TRAINED NURSE. $15 monthly allowance. Ideal living conditions. Tennis, surf bathing. 3 hours from New York; 8-hour day. 2½ year course. Age 18 to 32. 2 years high school. Send for descriptive folder and application. Southampton Hospital Association, Southampton, Long Island, N. Y.

Live Stock

Protect your property with a reliable police dog
Papers furnished. Shipped on approval.
BUDD BROTHERS, Newton, N. J., Route One

A Mart of the Unusual

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS
DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS
SUITLENGTHS CUT TO ORDER
AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICE
$2.00 per Yd. Carriage Paid
Patterns Free
S. A. NEWALL & SONS, 127 Stornoway, Scotland
State Shades Desired

Sunshine Sweets Dates filled with delicious fillings made from California fruits and nuts. Eat sweets full of pep and energy that nourish instead of destroy the body. Delicious and different. Unfired fruit cake. One pound box, postpaid in U. S., $1.00. Sunshine Sweet Shoppe, Placerville, Cal.

To Tempt Your Taste and Tone Up the System use **GREENOUGH'S** delicious, pure **HORSE RADISH.** Adds zest to fresh roast pork, oysters cooked in any style, cold meats, sandwiches, sea foods, etc. Send $1 for four bottles, postpaid, prepared fresh and shipped day order is received.
J. J. GREENOUGH, DEERFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE — Exceedingly beautiful RARE LUSTER tea set. $300
3,223, Outlook.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

AUTHORS' first aid. Beryl Johnson, Hollis Center, Me.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 folded sheets, bond, and 100 envelopes printed with name and address in blue, $1.00. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., N. Y.: governesses, nurses, housekeepers, companions, secretaries, dietitians, teachers.

HELP WANTED

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite L 5842, Washington, D. C.

REAL helper in suburban teahouse. Must be sincere, capable, congenial person. 5,830, Outlook.

TRAINED and experienced religious and social welfare workers for high-class positions. EXECUTIVE SERVICE CORPORATION (Agency), 1515 Pershing Square Building, New York City.

WANTED—Refined married couple to take charge of cottage unit, 30 boys, small school near New York. Preferably one or both should be qualified for class room instruction, grammar grades. Apply by letter only. A. E. Wakeman, 72 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Ignatz Fell Down

By Bill Adams

I've been thinking about old Ignatz. That's what they called him at the officers' mess where he and I ate our meals. He was a tall, lean fellow with little sharp brown eyes, spectacles, and a stiff mustache. He also had a long, straight nose, and was tremendously fond of pork chops. He was one of the few folks in camp that I could not understand, and I wanted to understand him. The officers' mess didn't. They took a good look at him, and shrugged their shoulders. It was a little skylarking second lieutenant who dubbed him "Ignatz," and the name stuck.

We slept in the same tiny tent. There was just room for our two cots, with a narrow space between. Ignatz tolerated me. It's queer to bunk with a fellow in a little tent like that for weeks on end and never be able to get inside him. I never could do so.

Ignatz was a minister of one of the prominent denominations, and had been a missionary in China. After the war he returned to his church.

I was in charge of a Y. M. C. A. outfit in the hills, five miles out from the main camp. There were a couple of hundred boys out there, and their job was to look after the rifle range. I'd been out there alone for some weeks when Ignatz was sent out to "help" me.

When Saturday night came, I said to Ignatz: "To-morrow night, after a little service, it'll be up to you to talk to these fellows."

I figured that Ignatz would be "up and coming," with the bit in his teeth. It was a minister's job. The boys were lonesome as sparrows on an iceberg, stuck out there in the hills with no chance of getting to the main camp. It didn't matter what one said to them, they'd gather round to listen. They were out to find some one who they could get inside of and tell their troubles to. Sometimes a soldier would put his head on your shoulder and cry like a child. Why not? It is not every young lad that has a taste for leaving home, with a strong chance of never getting back.

There was one boy from the State of Washington who'd left his old mother to milk their five or six cows and try to keep their little farm going. I used to talk cow with him, after I'd found out that he was a cow man. We'd argue up and down as to which was the best dairy breed. Sometimes when he had a few spare minutes in the day he'd look up and say, "Say, will there be any chance to talk cow to-night, mister?" and I'd say, "Mister your eye! Bring on your cows, son."

I once milked thirty head of dairy cows twice a day for two years, and I'm plumb fond of cows—and boys with aching hearts.

There was another boy who was a Russian Jew. He told me how, during a pogrom in his native land, he'd seen his father crucified and his mother's breasts cut off. He used to ask me, "Where do you reckon that God was then, Bill?" What'd you have told him?

Well, you see what I mean. The gang just wanted a pal.

You could have bowled me over with a pullet feather at what Ignatz said when I told him that he would be expected to preach the sermon Sunday night.

He said: "I can't talk to these rough men. I'm accustomed to talking to cultured audiences."

I often see articles on "What's the Matter With the Church?"

A fool can criticise. A friendly man can only try to help.

I'm not criticising Ignatz. Maybe he was wise not to try to talk.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CAPABLE manager for club or institution. Pratt Institute training; excellent credentials and experience. 5,788, Outlook.

COMPANION-helper. Refined person with good American family. No young children. Salary $75. 5,838, Outlook.

CULTURED, experienced woman desires seashore position for summer. Hostess, companion, camp counselor, social service, doctor's assistant. Prefers outdoor life. 5,812, Outlook.

EDUCATOR desires her passage to Europe in exchange for chaperonage. Sailing June 20—July 1. References exchanged. 5,791, Outlook.

EUROPEAN travel desired by Southern woman as dietitian or companion. Credentials exchanged. 5,793, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED lady teacher desires position to teach citizenship and manual arts in a boys' or girls' camp. 5,831, Outlook.

FRENCH woman, university professor, desires European travel; escort party, companion, or secretary. Foreign Travel Bureau, Sunbury, Pa.

GOVERNESS—Englishwoman with governess and language teaching experience desires position April 15 or May 1. New York City and Pittsburgh references. Good traveler. 5,829, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, experienced, entire charge; languages; familiar Calvert System. 5,839, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse desires position as helpful companion. Will travel. 5,790, Outlook.

HAMILTON College student desires position as companion, secretary, tutor, for the summer. Write 5,832, Outlook.

NEWSPAPER man, 29, responsible, capable, congenial, will act as companion, secretary, or both. Experienced traveler. References. Interview. 5,834, Outlook.

REFINED Protestant woman desires position as useful companion or companion-housekeeper. 5,801, Outlook.

TEACHER desires summer position as companion or seamstress. 5,826, Outlook.

VIRGINIA gentlewoman of culture and experience desires position of trust as companion or chaperon. Highest references. 5,837, Outlook.

YOUNG lady going abroad end of April offers her services in exchange for ocean trip. Would accompany invalid lady or chaperon. Miss B., 339 Adelphi St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

YOUNG woman, 30, Protestant, college graduate, desires travel Europe this summer as amanuensis to author or governess-companion. German and French. 5,817, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

AMERICAN NEGROES NEED competent leaders in business. Aid is needed to establish a chair of business administration for training competent Negro students. Address President Adams, Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga.

YOUNG couple, university graduates, 3 small children, will give home to normal 4 year old child, whose guardian prefers intelligent supervision and training to luxurious surroundings. Country. One servant. Husband professional man. References. Suitable remuneration. 5,828, Outlook.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

LADY living near New York will take into her own home and care personally for one or two children. Refined home. Excellent references. 5,833, Outlook.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED